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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The last hope, or rather the lingering idea, for there was no hope, of an agreement between Government and Opposition on the Parliament Bill is gone. Lord Newton's amendment came to nothing. Neither Lord Morley nor Lord Lansdowne wanted it, and finally its father withdrew it. As things now stand the Government, even during their present term of office, can make the Bill still hotter for the Lords. And the Unionists, when their turn comes, can make it better or make an end of it, which would make it best. The Commons, of course, will disagree with the Lords' amendments and send the Bill back in its pristine beauty. Then the first question of the crisis will have to be answered—all that has happened so far has long been discounted.

By the way, did Lord Newton himself play this cruel joke on the paper that found in his amendment a settlement complete? Unkind people will point to his marked use of the word "infatuated" as sign of the cynicism with which a clever man loves to give away his own too eager admirers. Clever and witty men, it is true, rarely allow a friend to come betwixt themselves and their jest: but in this matter it is likelier that the paper, largely, hoaxed itself. The remarkable thing is that it should have chosen the one amendment on which, it turns out, there was not the least idea of basing a compromise.

Mr. Balfour has been conferring with Lord Lansdowne and some other peers. Very difficult for him not to, we would have thought. But the "Westminster Gazette" throws up its hands in horror. Mr. Balfour closeted with Lord Lansdowne! Proof positive that the House of Lords is not fit for power of any sort. Yet if one poked about assiduously, would it not be possible, sometimes, in some coulisse or other to find Lord Haldane or Lord Morley closeted with Mr. Asquith?

In a very interesting little book called "Miscellanies" written by Lord Stanhope and published in 1863, we have lit upon this passage about the Peers and concession: "But can the House of Peers now make a graceful concession? Public impression—the impression of the vulgar, that is, of the vast mass of mankind, of the highest as well as the lowest station, cannot be disregarded in politics; and will not that public and that vulgar argue, 'The House of Lords has yielded not from conviction—not from some overpowering necessity; but so far as we can judge, from the menace of a fresh creation'? I assure you that my great object in public life for the last six months has been to vindicate the authority and maintain the character of the House of Lords. I think that is the institution most exposed to danger from the short-sighted folly of the times; and also the institution which, if it remains erect in character, is most likely to serve as a rallying point for the common sense and moderation of the country".

The passage is from a letter written on 5 February 1832 from Peel to Harrowby. Peel went on to say: "Now I doubt whether the House of Lords will not lose more of character and authority by yielding against its conviction on the Second Reading of the Bill of Reform, than by compelling the Government to resort to a coup d'état, and to carry the Bill by a fresh creation. I admit it is a very disputable question."

Finally, if the Peers should give way—"The Government will have effected its object by the menace of an unconstitutional act. They will have gained the prize without incurring the odium and disgust of the crime. They will have established a precedent for future Governments, more tempting, more easily followed, and therefore more dangerous than would be the actual commission of a revolting act." After all, there is something perhaps in the trite old saying that history repeats itself.

What will the Government do for the 500 Radicals who have agreed to swallow their principles about hereditary titles and go into the House of Lords? A man does not allow his name to appear on a list like this without some sort of reward; for sooner or later, do what the Chief Liberal Whip and his agents may,

the names will begin to dribble out, and ridicule is sure to attach to every one. Perhaps the best way would be to anticipate all rumour or report by publishing from the Whip's office the official list. A rumour, like a bull, had best be taken boldly by the horns. Further, we suggest to the Master of Elibank that he should organise a dinner to the 500 at the National Liberal Club, and put the Lord Advocate in the chair.

No doubt some of the 500 will be very much relieved if they are not called on to fulfil their vow and go into the House of Lords. But we shrewdly suspect that a good percentage will take a widely different view of the matter. This section, being human—the other section we imagine to be composed chiefly of angels—will look for some consolation; and even a good dinner at the N.L.C. will not of itself send them off content. The Master of Elibank has therefore a job one does not envy him at all. He will have to divide his little loaves and fishes of office very small, perhaps, to fill the hungry multitude which, according to the "Times" Parliamentary correspondent, he has gathered round himself.

Mr. Lloyd George's idea of conducting the Insurance Bill through the House is to leave all difficulties to the last. Whenever an amendment cannot be resisted he asks for its withdrawal on the ground that he will himself introduce a new clause to deal with the difficulty. No one can have the least idea what the new Ministerial clause is to be. As boys leave Latin Prose to the last because it is hardest, so the Government continually postpone their evil days. Perhaps they imagine that in the dog days the Opposition will faint under the burden of critical examination. This frame of mind made Tuesday's debate on the Doctors' amendments illusory and unsatisfactory. The terms had still to be settled, said the Government, as though they were dealing with some foreign Power: a premature statement would only compromise the settlement.

The hard work and the knowledge shown by a certain number of Unionists in connexion with the Bill appears to be an annoyance to Ministerialists who sit mum through these discussions. Mr. George could not contain himself when Mr. Locker-Lampson showed the injustice of exacting from boys under sixteen years of age a contribution based on a scale which could for many years only benefit the contributors of an advanced age. Then the back Ministerialists boiled up too. Since Mr. Forster's rebuke Mr. George has been complaisance itself.

In the debate on the Education Vote the Holmes circular turned up again. Both parties would probably be wise to leave that alone. Mr. Runciman by abject cowardice and disloyalty, added to ignorance of the work of his department, got himself into a hole. If he had had the pluck to take the country into his confidence and read the circular entire to the House, he would have come out of the matter at least a man, and probably a triumphant man. Unfortunately it is evident he did not know what was in the circular any more than did some others. That document was drawn up entirely in the interests of local inspectors and teachers alike, and it told the truth, which very much needed to be told. But not a man in the House of Commons had the courage to say this, though all who knew anything about the matter felt it.

Lord Selborne on Wednesday made a speech to the United Club about Unionism which might be described, not unkindly, as a little speech in the grand manner. It was full of fine sentiments—an oration rather in the oracular vein, which only a born and practised orator can attempt with any chance of success. Lord Selborne has come forward in this time of crisis in the habit of a statesman, grieved a little with his party, and vastly indignant with his opponents. He was in the cue of mentor and prophet. "Has the Unionist Party done all that can be done in the last six months to rouse the country to

a sense of its danger? I do not think it has." All was in the vein of a man superior and aloof; but the speech could not stand the strain—could not keep up the part.

We do not find the result of the West Ham election "very satisfactory", though we lost it by an increased majority. We find it very unsatisfactory. We did not expect to win, and were against the petition against Mr. Masterman from the beginning. Long observation has shown us that the side that wins on an election petition seldom wins the by-election following. The sporting instinct rather resents election petitions. A man has won his seat and it does not seem sportsmanlike to try to get him out by a back way. Cheltenham was won by the Unionists, but Mr. Agg-Gardner was an extraordinarily strong candidate personally. There was no chance of winning West Ham, and as there must be Radicals in the House, we would rather have Mr. Masterman than most. The petition was politically futile. All the same, expecting to lose is very poor consolation for loss.

There was much enthusiasm at the dinner to celebrate Mr. Chamberlain's birthday. Of him we may say truly he is "mighty yet: his spirit stalks abroad". Mr. Balfour's unintended speech was absolutely in tune with the company. He did not go into any wealth of detail—who would at a dinner?—but he vowed himself a believer in the Preference policy unreservedly. The doings of the Conference have brought the need of it into strong relief.

Too much has been written this week of the loyalty of the Irish people, more especially in Radical newspapers. It is no discovery that the people of Dublin honour the King, and are glad to welcome him in Ireland. The welcome given to King George and Queen Mary in Dublin was as cordial and sincere as was the welcome of London, or as the welcome would be of any other big city in the Empire. But why should people speak of it as if in surprise? Who ever imagined it was not so? The speech and conduct of the Irish agitators who misrepresent the people of Ireland in the House of Commons is a bad guide to the real feeling of the Irish people. The Nationalist members, it is true, avoided the Coronation; but the people of Dublin have not supported them.

Others have thought it amiss in the Orangemen to hold their Boyne celebrations, and to make resolutions against Home Rule, while the King was still among them. Here again there is a misunderstanding of the real issue of Home Rule. The Nationalists are many of them disloyal, and in times of excitement they work up a good deal of purely factitious disloyalty among the extreme Home Rulers. But this does not touch the bulk of the people. The really bitter question is between the Belfast demonstrators of Wednesday last with their flat refusal to accept Home Rule and the Catholic majority who are supposed to want it. Lord Londonderry put the issue plainly in his speech on Wednesday: "They must teach England that they would not take any part in a Home Rule Parliament, and that Home Rule would perhaps lead to civil war." Unhappily it is a little late to teach the British electorate: under the Parliament Bill the matter will no longer be in their decision.

The Carnarvon Investiture has been a very notable achievement. It is probably the most important State function that Wales has celebrated since the thirteenth century; certainly nothing like it has occurred since the meeting of Glendower's Parliament at Machynlleth in the fifteenth. And it was in no way partisan. If Lord Dynevor stood for the traditions of mediæval Wales, Sir Watkin Wynn embodied its Tory and Cavalier memories of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while Mr. Lloyd George represented its modern democratic aspirations, and not least Sir John Rhys reminded us of the Kelt in his native literature. The

Archdruid may be supposed to have embodied the prehistoric Cambria. The form of the ceremony was ancient and in the main as old as the fourteenth century. Royalty is now really popular with the Welsh masses, which it certainly was not at some periods in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The Prince of Wales bore him bravely and he wore the garter. Why not a Welsh order of S. David?

The peculiar sadness of Sir Eldon Gorst's death, or rather of his illness, is that it came just when his perception of past mistakes in his Egyptian administration was beginning to tell and things were getting brighter. He had made grave mistakes, very grave indeed, but he saw it before it was too late, and it is very sad that he has not lived to see the mischief repaired. Whether it would ever have been fully repaired under his direction may be doubtful, but certainly things in Egypt are by no means so bad as they were. Elsewhere Sir Eldon Gorst might have done many years of good work yet. Like all the family, he had remarkable intellectual ability; but he had the family faults with it. When a man of real distinction dies, there is more honour to him in telling the truth than in post mortem flattery.

Matters in Morocco remain much where they were. M. Jules Cambon has returned to Berlin, and has begun the "conversation" with Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. We may assume that he is trying to find out what Germany really wants. Is he then to let us know, or what is to happen? One object of the "Panther" episode was certainly to find out where the breaking point of the Entente might come. Another object has now appeared. We have learned that several economic understandings had been come to at various times between Germany and France, two of them relating to far-reaching schemes of railway construction, and one to a great system of public works, none of which came to fruition, owing to the friction of French internal politics. The Germans are naturally getting tired of these abortive understandings, and are holding a pistol to the head of the French Government not for the first time.

Meanwhile, so far as public opinion in this country takes interest in the matter, which is not far at all, people are asking where do we come in? We did not agree to disinterest ourselves in Morocco in order that France and Germany might gradually edge us out. The satisfactory feature of the situation is that the Prime Minister has openly recognised that a new situation has arisen. If Morocco must be pegged out into "spheres", etc., we must have our share, for our interests, both commercial and political, are greater than those of Germany.

The murder of Zeki Bey at Constantinople is a clear sign that things are no longer going as the Extremists desire. Even in Turkey assassination is the last resort. There does seem to be some public reprobation of the crime, and this may be an indication of better things in prospect. The appalling muddle and mismanagement of which the extreme party have been guilty is evident in every way, and the intervention of Europe is now well within sight. This would be to renew the humiliation to which Abdul Hamid principally owed his downfall. The latest offer to the Albanians that hostilities should be suspended for three weeks but all concessions withdrawn is so Turkish as to be inexplicable to the Giaour.

Meanwhile, where does British influence come in? The attitude of the British Embassy is never mentioned. This is easily explained, for it does nothing. What do we keep an Embassy at Constantinople for, at a very considerable cost? After all, our representatives might have taken the trouble to gain the good graces of the Turks in power. Most of these sprang from nothing, and would be peculiarly amenable to a little attention. They would then have been susceptible to good advice. The ground we have lost in Constantinople has been sacrificed by our own laches. It is not so much the

cleverness of rivals as our own supineness which has left the field clear for Germany. The Turks know well that we have no axe to grind, and would therefore listen to us all the more readily. Will our Foreign Office do nothing?

The French Socialists have already broken with the Government. There was a meeting of the Labour Confederation at which a small band of extremists clamoured that M. Leguennic, a revolutionary fanatic, should be put on the platform with M. Jaurès. M. Leguennic was hoisted to the platform, and soon the whole meeting was for open war with the Government, including M. Jaurès, who declared that the Cabinet must "drain the cup to the dregs to save itself from dying of suffocation". The result of this was a Bill next day in the Chamber whose effect would be a complete reinstatement of the dismissed railway employes. M. Jaurès said he would have his motion, or M. Caillaux should not have his Budget. This outburst has, at any rate, given the new Premier an opportunity of showing that he is not a man of straw. He stood firm, and the Chamber supported him by referring the Bill of M. Jaurès back to a committee.

The swift course of things in the shipping strike has taken everybody by surprise. It started hesitatingly, and was very doubtful for a short time; then it suddenly leaped up to magnitudes which pointed to a long struggle; but within a week from then it was practically over. Hull and Manchester were the two significant stages. Mr. Askwith settled the first at the beginning of one week, and Mr. Askwith and Mr. Mitchell settled the second at the beginning of the next. And the settlement is a concession for the men on all the points—wages, time of work, recognition of their union by the Shipping Federation.

This implies merits in the men's case. The credit for admitting this must be given to the shipowners and the Shipping Federation. Big battalions may win without necessarily being in the right; but evidently the Shipping Federation has not used its big battalions as it could have done had it so chosen. There is something wrong when the moral position is this, and yet there is no competent tribunal to prevent the disasters of a display of force such as occurred in the shipping strike. A time of depressed trade will test the present settlement. The extreme perils with which the country was threatened, but which it has so remarkably escaped, may be on us again before long unless some means is found to average the good times and the bad between the employers and the employed.

An interesting point of the debate in the House of Lords on the Government's County Courts Bill was the opposition of Lord Robson. Lord Robson was Attorney-General when Lord Loreburn first introduced it. He may have been against it then, and we may justly infer that he was. His first point is that the High Court is now doing its work well. It was not when Lord Robson was Attorney-General; but the new Judges have altered this. His other point however that the County Courts are overcrowded, and it would do harm to transfer High Court business to them was then, and is still, true. He thinks a wider system of localisation of Courts is necessary, but the County Courts Bill would add to the confusion there. All the other legal members, except Lord Loreburn and Lord Gorell, are against the transference; but Lord Aldwyn is taken by the supposed cheaper law in the County Court.

Mr. Newton, the solicitor who defended Crippen, has been suspended from practice for twelve months for unprofessional conduct in that case. It was an unusual form of misconduct, but its offensiveness is unmistakable. Mr. Newton was concerned in fabricating a letter professing to come from Crippen, which contained a confession. The letter clearly never came from Crippen; and it was disgraceful that Mr. Newton should pretend it did. He either betrayed his

client by lying, or by disclosing professional secrets. The punishment, as Mr. Justice Darling said, is really very light.

But what about the journalistic side of the affair? The story is, as Mr. Justice Darling described it, absolutely inconsistent with decent conduct on the part of those who had to do with it. "John Bull" and some other papers (they ought to have been specifically named) contributed to Crippen's defence, and then set about getting every ounce of sensation out of the murder to make money. This was the reason for the appeal to Crippen in "John Bull" to confess, and for the false letter pretending that he had confessed, which was communicated to the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Daily News" and appeared in those papers. The transaction was a disgrace to decent journalism; but none of the parties to it can be punished, as Mr. Newton is, by suspension from their profession, and there is probably no legal punishment for it.

The Committee of the House of Commons to which the Corporation scheme for S. Paul's bridge was sent back has now accepted it with a few modifications. The architects consulted could not agree. There is, in fact, considerable difference of opinion on almost every point of importance. To open up the Cathedral by the new bridge and road, declares one ex-president of the Institute of Architects, would require a "skew" bridge, which could not be built of stone. Also a vista opening up the side of S. Paul's would be artistically wrong. Wren never meant people to see the side of his Cathedral from a distance. A third president disagrees with the other two, both as to the skew bridge and the vista. Greater expense and possible damage to S. Paul's from a subway further south than that intended in the Corporation's plan are other arguments used against the vista project. On one thing, however, all architects are agreed. Both in the building of the bridge and of the archways over Queen Victoria Street and Thames Street architects should collaborate with the engineers.

The Hippodrome, the Coliseum, and the picture-palaces ought to look better after their interests. Covent Garden, of opera and fancy-dress ball notoriety, threatens them with a serious rivalry. The directing spirits of the house are celebrating Coronation year by turning the home of opera into a variety theatre. One would think, judging by the title, that the "Girl of the Golden West" was one of Mr. George Edwardes' productions; but it turned out to be a study by Puccini. But even it shines by the side of another new work given on Tuesday evening—a music-hall sketch by one Wolf-Ferrari, who is well known in America and on the Continent as a good copyist of our worst music-hall composers.

Mr. Wolf-Ferrari knows his trade and his market. The plot of his operetta is insane enough to have satisfied Donizetti; and the jokes are so wearisome, forced and drivelling that even a Covent Garden audience yawned over them. The music has been called simple, and we suppose it is; but the simplicity is that of utter emptiness. There is not an English music-hall performer who would not scorn the idea of playing in such a thing; but as it is written by a foreigner, and has a foreign name, it is thought highly of by the Covent Garden management, and will doubtless, by attracting persons of vulgar taste, do something to satisfy the management's hunger after dividends. The death of Sir Augustus Harris was a double tragedy: we lost an impresario who was slowly becoming artistic in his tastes, and we got the present Syndicate. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Hammerstein will do any better, but the truth of a remark of his cannot be denied. He said that if the site of Covent Garden were used for a cabbage market, there would be no artistic change. What change there were would be for the good. Cabbages are cabbages; but an opera house which devotes its evenings to Russian ballets and music-hall entertainments is a bare-faced sham.

WANTED A MEETING OF THE UNIONIST PARTY.

WE have no great belief in "meetings of the party", those occasional, yet in their long tradition regular, party events, which the newspapers always announce with so much importance, and the local politicians receive with such awed interest. There is no magic in them for us, for the mystery of closed doors, which is all the sacro-sanctity they have, is dispelled within an hour after the meeting breaks up. By that time we all know who was there and who said what. They do not often settle much, or perhaps anything, but they are at times a convenient means of communication between the leader of the party and his followers. They enable him to put his friends in possession of his decision on a current question of debate within the party more satisfactorily than in a public speech or in an announcement in the press. A certain amount of party steam can be blown off without any harm done; and excitement dies down. A meeting of the party sometimes provides effective escape for excessive ebullition of friendly counsel. It seems to us some escape of the sort is wanted now. It is natural enough, and right, that private members of the party should be keenly interested in the line of opposition finally to be taken to the Parliament Bill; nor is it strange that very many of them have their own ideas as to what ought to be done, and make these known very audibly. But everybody's pet plan—however certain to put everything right—cannot be carried out; and it is time some of Mr. Balfour's advisers began to realise this. The buzz is rising to a Babel, and we are getting rather sick of it. So, too, are a good many members of Parliament, largely those who have no cut-and-dried plan of their own because they think about the matter more than they talk. When it comes to irresponsible private members sending out whips to their colleagues—without the knowledge of the party leaders—to attend meetings to decide on the line the Lords are to take, we think it is about time the air were cleared by a general meeting. After all we do want to know where we are; private members may certainly ask to be given a lead if they have no call to give one. So far the party has not been given a lead. Mr. Balfour is to make a speech to the City on the 24th which is expected, apparently, to be the looked-for pronouncement. One would have thought that by the 24th the "psychological moment" would have passed. At any rate, Mr. Balfour's party has surely a right to know something of what is going to be the policy of the Opposition before then. This guessing and advising in the dark is fruitless work; but Unionists will be doing nothing else till they are let into their leaders' mind. A party meeting would do what is wanted. It might not stop criticism; it might even stimulate it; but it would make an end of the din of rival plans. It would stop this incessant talking in the air; and would clarify even the writing in the air—more important perhaps than the other.

Are we giving ourselves away? Those correct Radicals who have been so much shocked to find Lord Lansdowne in consultation with Mr. Balfour, who are so much amazed to discover a connexion between the majority in the Lords and the Unionists in the Commons, will, of course, think we have given ourselves and, as far as a paper can, our party away hopelessly in thus associating a meeting of the Unionist party with the final attitude of the House of Lords to the Parliament Bill. Is it not an awful thing to have done? Actually to have assumed that a peer may have his politics, and even his party, like a commoner? To have assumed that Conservative peers are in more or less close relation with the Conservative party; and that the leader of the party would have something to say to the policy of his followers in the Second Chamber? When did this doctrine of the absolute impartiality, the utter aloofness from party, of members of a Second Chamber come into being? It is new to us. We never met a Conservative who pretended that peers knew nothing of parties, nor a Radical. Until now we never met a Radical who pretended that a peer ought to know nothing of parties. Has there ever yet

been a Cabinet that contained no peers, and for a very long time now every Cabinet has been exclusively of one party? If a peer must have no party, how is he to get on in a Cabinet whose occupation it is to settle a party's policy? We should much like to know, too, how a reformed Second Chamber—purely elective and popular—is to be outside and above party. Is the Second Chamber in the United States above party? Is it in France? Is it in the British self-governing Dominions? This is all cant, and not of the pleasantest brand, about the enormity of the Unionist party having anything to do with the Lords question. It has always been a matter of party politics, and could not be otherwise. It is precisely the same with both parties. Radical peers settled the Parliament Bill and its conduct through Parliament in co-operation with the Radical leaders in the Commons; and the Unionist peers settle the opposition to the Bill in consultation with the Unionist leaders below. All that has ever been claimed, on the score of non-partisanship, for the peers is that by the force of their independent position they are able to take a view of things less completely determined by the party Whips than are Members of the House of Commons; and that is true. Also, there are a certain number of peers who really are outside both parties; no Member of the Commons is or can be. Reforming the House of Lords, whoever does it or however done, will certainly make it more, even more if you will, partisan than it is now; though parties in it will be more equal.

The matter a meeting of the Party would have to consider is not really so very obscure now. The merits of the Parliament Bill do not come in. Argument for and against is exhausted. The Government have avowedly dropped argument and taken their stand on force. The time for argument, they would no doubt say, is past. They are going to pass the Bill by force. One might put the position the Unionist party has to face this way. The Irish Nationalists are coercing the Prime Minister to coerce the Crown to enable him to coerce the House of Lords. If then the Government is able to pass the Bill by force, and will, the Opposition have only to consider what line of resistance will do the most damage to the Government and the least to themselves. They cannot seriously amend the Bill; they cannot prevent it passing; they cannot force an election. It is not conceivable that the Prime Minister would gratuitously send his men to the constituencies when he knew he could get his peers made. Having got his peers, is he likely to risk the power he has thus obtained by going to the country? He would be a fool if he did, for apart from the needlessness of doing it, he would be choosing a very bad time for an election from his own point of view. Mr. Asquith knows well enough that the odium of making the King make the peers will recoil on him at least in a considerable degree and would lessen his popularity in the country. The idea of a general election may be dismissed. Only some unforeseeable accident could bring that about.

These points fixed, the option left to the Unionist peers is merely up to what point shall they carry opposition. Shall they let the Bill pass, waiving all their amendments, on its return from the Commons, and thus relieve the Government of the burden of getting the new peers made? We have heard but one argument in favour of this course that we count even worth notice. It would keep the Crown, it is said, out of the matter. Not at all; the Crown is already in the matter, or there would be no assumption that the Bill will pass. The only difference is that the country might not realise this now, while it would then; and it is better it should realise the truth. Nothing would please Mr. Asquith so much as that the Opposition should throw down their cards before he is made to show the extremely ugly—we might perhaps say the marked—card he is going to win with. The feverish anxiety of the Government that the peers should accept the Bill at this early stage should be reason enough to any open-eyed Unionist not to do it. The Opposition's choice becomes now one of three courses: (1) Give way as soon as there has been some overt formal step taken by the Government which will enable the country to know that Mr. Asquith has

made the King promise to make five hundred Radical peers to save him; (2) give way when the first batch—say fifty—peers have been made; (3) not give way until enough peers have been made to put the Government in an absolute majority in the Lords. This last course would placard the enormity of the plan in all its nakedness before the country and so bring the most odium on the Government. But it would destroy the peerage, which should be spared pollution as far as possible. Also it would give the Government even greater legislative power for a few years, at least, than would the Parliament Bill. As to the alternative of giving way before any peers have actually been made or waiting until a few have been, there is a question of feasibility. The object-lesson to the country certainly will be more effective if some of the five hundred peers are actually made, but the Opposition must beware of being too clever.

THE KING'S PEN.

WE are surprised that a journal like the "Spectator", so very responsible and full of deportment, should give it forth that the king has been round to confer with Itself on the crisis. What else can the "Spectator" have possibly meant by its article called "The Political Crisis" last week, in which it declared with "a full sense of responsibility" that "there is no possibility in the existing circumstances of the King refusing to make the Peers". "If we are challenged for our authority—though we feel sure we shall not be so challenged by any person of responsibility or knowledge—we can only answer that we shall give no authority whatever or make any statement as to the grounds on which we say what we have said." We should be the last in the world—"in the existing circumstances"—to challenge the "Spectator" to state the grounds on which it says what it has said. Yet one may—"with a full sense of responsibility"—take leave to doubt whether even a king's messenger, much less a king, has been closeted with the Editor of 1 Wellington Street, Strand. The truth is these things are not done to-day. We are living in the reign of George V. not George III. Besides, there is no need to do them. The tremendous piece of news which the "Spectator" ushered into the world on Saturday has, as a fact, been club talk for some time past. The man about town knew it. The man in the tube knew it. Everyone knew it. Why then should "A Great Personage" be imagined as going round in fearful secrecy to a Great Editor and breathing in his ear a piece of well-known widespread public news? Some papers have always been fond of doing this kind of thing, and of wrapping it round with a colossal verbiage. There is the real cause of a London Correspondent of a west country paper who advised Lord Salisbury to take a certain course in foreign affairs; and who next week warmly praised Lord Salisbury for taking his advice; and there is the fictitious case of the editor of the "Pentonville Pulverizer" who once and for all very gravely warned Mr. Gladstone that if the Government of the day did not take a certain course the "Pulverizer" would feel it a duty to break the Government. "Punch" from time to time has given examples of the kind, and one cannot help thinking that there is a Great Editor in Dickens who has conferred with a Great Personage; if there is not, it is strange, for no writer knew this sort of pomposity better than Dickens or could pour more ridicule on it.

Editors then who move in imagination with Emperors and hold Prime Ministers in the hollow of their hands—or in the corner of their newspaper—are not a new growth. They do, it may be argued, no particular harm with their terrific sesquipedalian sentences; and they afford a good deal of fun now and again. Besides they make in more senses than one what is known as good copy. This is all true enough. But not the less one questions whether it is dignified for a serious weekly review—or shall we say "A Great Adult Review"?—to make free of the King's views and the King's name even though they yield a good journalistic "scoop".

It would surely be better for the "Spectator" to wait and see what is done about the Parliament Bill. As it is, the alleged "Compromise" round Lord Newton's amendment turns out to be no compromise at all—as the "Daily Mail" pointed out on the Monday or Tuesday following the "Spectator's" Saturday scoop. The "Spectator" would not have to wait long. One is reminded of a jest in the "Sporting Times" some years ago, which had a lesson that might well be learnt at 1 Wellington Street, Strand. A policeman, seeing an excited man clinging to a lamppost, tells him to come down at once. "Stop!" replies the excited one, "I belong to the press. I'm reporter of this show for the 'Sporting Times'." "Never mind about that," says the constable. "Come down. You'll see all about it in the papers to-morrow morning." The "Spectator" likewise will see it all in the papers very soon now. Indeed, it has already seen enough in several of them perhaps to realise that a journalistic scoop of this sort is a very speculative thing.

But the worst feature of the "Spectator's" scoop lies, after all, in the language. It is this that stirs one's bile. The grammar of the "Spectator" is its chief offending. Style no one can, with reason, look for in the haste of frequent writing. Style is a gift of the gods to a few—a very few—in a generation. The word style has been spoilt by careless, thoughtless haste, like the word genius; it has been cheapened, like "infinite" and "immortal"; but, rightly and reverently used, we know it signifies a rare and precious thing, the attar of the finest personalities—and has little enough in common with the mere stylishness in writing or the preciousness which turbid minds confuse with style. The "Spectator" cannot then be expected to dress up its political scoops about the crisis and its moral scoops about the "English Review" in that rich, strange garment style, but we do expect ordinary, everyday clothes of speech, sound English homespun. Instead we have once more this old attempt to dress up in the showy clothes of speech. People are constantly asking writers and editors whether this accusative or that nominative in such-and-such a sentence is "good grammar" or not. Strangely, the worst grammar of all, the bad grammar that grievously matters, too often passes for good with the uninformed. The worst grammarian is he who uses huge, portentous looking words and phrases, the very elephantiasis of language, that he may produce an effect on the ignorant. He is the ill grammarian who solemnly writes down "We are in a position to state", instead of "We can say"; and who loves to dwell in print on what he calls his "full sense of responsibility". Such verbiage is worse than verbiage. It would convey the idea of an importance and weight in and behind the words that do not truly exist there. Now that is what—with "a full sense of responsibility"—we brand as downright bad grammar. All such cumbrous, bursting phrases have—to apply a true, beautiful metaphor of Archbishop Trench—grown "immoral". The honest thought or feeling should be written or spoken in simple English.

RADICAL TACTICS AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

THE Insurance Bill shows once more that the politician is the most fallible of prophets. Hailed at the outset as an almost divine inspiration, the Bill drives every day into more and more troubled waters. We can claim that from the start we have been the true friends of the measure—not "candid friends", but real friends. There was in the conception all the elements of a real national settlement of a great problem, which would have left both parties in a position to approve and defend the final outcome of the Bill. As it is, the way in which the Chancellor has wished to handle or has actually handled the Bill in the House has been disastrous to a degree. He suggested the closure, and had to withdraw the suggestion because nothing but the Treasury mind would contemplate such a proposal. Mr. Lloyd George remained undefeated in his determination that the Unionist party should be compelled to say

in the country that it was not responsible for the final form of the Bill. In the first place the financial resolutions were so drafted as to make it possible that almost any amendment could be ruled out of order on the ground that it affected finance. The "slimness" of the Chancellor has not, however, stopped here. He apparently takes his stand on the ground that the main outline of the Bill which his mind conceived is sacrosanct, and that no impious voice shall be allowed to criticise it at pain of being ruled out of order. An instance of this occurred last Monday. Mr. Worthington Evans had put down on Clause 1 a general amendment covering a series of amendments, which met with the approval of a great number of Unionist members. The intention was to give, among other things, a real insurance to Post Office contributors who, at the present moment, have no common insurance fund worth the name. The proposals of Mr. Evans were also intended to help the small friendly societies, and to give to all the societies a subsidised benefit from the State and the employer, on the condition of leaving their internal arrangements practically within their own control. The only test to be exacted was not one of numerical membership, but purely of solvency. Such proposals, whether right or wrong—and many members thought them right—were at least worth serious discussion. There has been no such discussion. On Clause 1 the principal amendment was ruled out of order on the ground that it would be discussed in detail later. On Monday the occasion arose on the first subsection of Clause 4 for moving an amendment outlining a portion of the scheme. It was ruled out of order, and Mr. Lloyd George's defence of the ruling was that the scheme should have been put forward as a reasoned amendment at the second reading stage! Such tactics may be smart; so may bad faith. However, discussion in the country cannot be stifled in this ready fashion. Mr. Lloyd George will regret his cleverness.

Mr. Charles Bathurst, who made a good speech on the agricultural aspect of the Bill, had rather better fortune. He was not ruled out of order, and he got the promise of a minor concession from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His main contention was that the agriculturist is being unfairly treated under the Bill. The conditions of town and country life are not the same, and the farmer and agricultural labourer may be made to pay out of scanty means for the insurance of the town worker. This contention was vigorously combated by Mr. George on the ground that the longer life of the country man makes up from an actuarial standpoint for his better level of health. The townsman may be sick more often, but he dies earlier—the farm labourer may be seldom ill through the earlier part of his life, but he is more likely to live up to the age limit of sixty-nine, and as he grows older he is more likely to claim his insurance against sickness. Whatever the truth of these rival contentions, there is one point on which Mr. Bathurst and Mr. Long were obviously on solid ground. The disproportion between town and country wages is obvious. Yet if, as appears certain, cottage rent is to be taken into account, the farm labourer with the equivalent of sixteen shillings a week will have to pay the same contribution for the same benefit as the townsman who is earning a pound or thirty shillings or two pounds. In a word, the farm labourer's contribution and benefit alike are both in excess of his income. Ten shillings a week sickness allowance represents two-thirds of his income—to the industrial worker it may represent a half or a third. The Government concession does not therefore touch this point. Amid the groans of the Labour party Mr. George suggested, instead of a remission of the agricultural contribution, a form of contracting out for labourers, domestic servants and others whose employers guarantee that they will be looked after during temporary sickness. The concession is timely, but it does not meet the real point.

A NEW SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

MR. ASQUITH was perfectly right when he said that the Moorish situation had changed. It changed fundamentally as soon as the French Government dispatched an expedition to Fez. Spanish interference made things much worse, and through Spain at present the chief international danger threatens. One thing is quite clear: there is to be no ultimatum to Germany to leave Agadir without previous negotiation. Nobody could believe that this was ever contemplated. The questions that excite European opinion are: being in Agadir, will Germany ever leave it? Or if she does, on what consideration? A conference of some sort is evidently the only thing for the moment. It would at all events find out what the rivals really want.

Unfortunately neither the best-informed European opinion nor British dwellers in Morocco really believe that we mean business. Recent German successes and her overwhelming military strength have made the world sceptical as to the will or the capacity of the Triple Entente or of its members separately to make headway against her when she really sets her mind on anything. It may be unpleasant to be reminded in these days of pacifism and sentiment that in the end victory remains with the big battalions, but the last few years have given us several opportunities of recognising the fact, and we may have another now. Directly France agreed to go to Algeciras it was evident that her claim to exclusive rights in Morocco was gone. Germany it is true did not obtain all she wanted, but her great success lay in the Conference itself. After that her claim to interfere could never be eliminated, and was always in the air. German methods undoubtedly lack suavity, but in such matters it is success that counts, and we are not so pedantic as to deny the right of any Power to use the means she may think best suited to her purpose. So far as the Triple Entente is concerned the threat of force has certainly answered hitherto. In all these diplomatic "conversations" the Power that is ready in the end to fight for what it wants will get the better of those that are not.

We suppose our Foreign Office has ideas as to where our interests in Morocco are vital and what we may concede in return for other concessions. If so, as the Prime Minister admits that the situation has been entirely revolutionised, we may enter a Conference with some hope of a profitable issue. But we hope that conversation will not be strictly limited to Morocco. The Near East, the Middle East, or even more remote regions might well be included in the general review. The time has come to look after ourselves whether or no the partition of Morocco has begun in earnest. Since the Anglo-French Agreement we have been merely the backers of France. This was in accordance both with the letter and spirit of our bond, and we are still bound by it. But we are not bound to be more careful for French interests than are the French themselves. As they have admitted Germany into Morocco we are not obliged to try to turn her out. We must, no doubt, support France so far as she regards her claims as essential, but certainly not beyond it. There was a false rumour that the United States had demanded the withdrawal of German ships from the Atlantic seaboard. The rumour was natural, seeing how serious the permanent establishment of a German naval base at Agadir would be for the United States. But it is no concern of ours, or rather the introduction of Germany as a counter-weight to the United States in South America would be entirely in our interests.

On the other hand we must be careful not to act merely as the catspaw for France. At Algeciras we still had hopes of the Entente, but by now we have had a clear demonstration of the incapacity of our partner to initiate real reform in Morocco. She seems in the first place quite incapable of producing a man big enough to take the business in hand. Even commercial enterprises cannot be carried through owing to the interference of politicians at home and the absence of a statesman to control them. The idea, when we left the work in Morocco to France, was that she would develop and open up the

country and by establishing herself in a predominant position there prevent the incursion of other Powers whose presence we thought undesirable. Unfortunately none of the implied conditions of the contract has been carried out, and we find ourselves under the very unsatisfactory obligation of having to support France much against our own interests. We have not that security and tranquillity in Morocco which might have been some equivalent for the sacrifice we made, and the French authorities are now convicted of having made bargains behind our backs with the very Power against whose incursions into those regions the Entente was originally framed.

The Russo-German arrangements in Persia, concluded without our being consulted, have found their counterpart in Franco-German agreements for the economic exploitation of Morocco, also entered into without our knowing anything about them. These included the construction of a great railway through the country, and another line from the German Cameroons to the French Congo. It is strange that as the faithful backer of France we should have been left out in the cold. This may be one of the necessary developments of the Franco-German Agreement of 1909 but it is difficult to understand where the value of the Entente comes in for us whose commercial interest in Morocco even now amounts to 40 per cent. of the whole of its external trade.

Fortunately or unfortunately these arrangements have all come to nothing, owing to the incapacity of French Ministers to carry through anything big. It is now time that we took our own line. We should be ready to recognise that the policy of "bottling up" Germany must be abandoned and that we may profitably make some concessions to her in return for concessions to us. Let us, for instance, take the opportunity to establish our claim to control of the southern end of the Bagdad railway. Any way it is plain that if we do not look after our own interests, our partners will not do it for us.

A POLICY OF SCUTTLE.

By LORD ROBERT CECIL.

IN his speech on Wednesday evening Lord Selborne said: "If the Parliament Bill becomes law the Radicals will have achieved for the moment all that they could have possibly achieved as the result of a successful civil war. . . . They will have established the House of Commons as the most autocratic, the most unchecked, the most unbalanced authority in the whole world." That is, put with characteristic vigour and directness, what Unionists all over the country have been saying for months past. The Parliament Bill is a revolution. It destroys our ancient Constitution. It establishes the tyranny of the Cabinet and the caucus. It deprives us of the chief constitutional safeguard for liberty and property. And yet we are told that a section of the Unionist party—the number of which is, I am confident, very much exaggerated—are now in favour of an immediate surrender by the House of Lords.

Several reasons are given for this change of front. The fight is said to be hopeless. The forces at the command of our opponents are overwhelming, and if we do not hoist the white flag now, we shall be annihilated a little later on. So speaks and always has spoken cowardice, whether military or political. Doubtless there are occasions when the cowardly is also the sensible course. It may be in some cases that resistance if it fails will involve disaster, if it succeeds will be of little advantage. But is that true in the present instance? If it be so, surely we ought to have made up our minds to retreat months ago. Why all those loud-mouthed speeches? Why all those manœuvres about the Reform of the Lords? Did we seriously hope that we should soften the hearts of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Keir Hardie? Or were our tactics dictated by an innocent reliance on the strength of purpose of the so-called "moderates" in the Cabinet? Surely we cannot have been so foolish. Our purpose must have been to stand firm—in the popular phrase, "to see it through"—and

I for one believe that that determination was based on the soundest of reasons.

For if the Lords stand firm what resulting evils are to be feared—I put aside Dissolution since, apparently, that is no longer regarded as practical politics, only remarking that it is scarcely credible that a general election could make our position worse than it is at present. There remains the possibility of the creation of sufficient peers to wipe out the constitutional majority in the House of Lords. I do not question the gravity of such a step. It would be a direct defiance of all constitutional doctrine as hitherto laid down. It would be a revolutionary use of the prerogative in order to alter the constitution of the country, and would raise questions which could certainly not be disposed of either quickly or easily. But it is absurd to attribute to the House of Lords responsibility for such consequences. If a footpad demands my money or my life I am not guilty of murder if I refuse to hand over my purse. Still less can the House of Lords be made answerable for any injury to the monarchy which may result from the reckless counsels of his Majesty's present advisers.

To do the advocates of surrender justice, they do not press this aspect of the question very much. Other arguments are more commonly used by them. Some of them talk very solemnly about the danger to the aristocratic "order". Is it flippant to ask what exactly the expression means? Does it include all recent creations? And if so, is it quite certain that any fresh importations from outside the peerage would hopelessly degrade that illustrious body? Seriously, those who believe that the respect felt for the members of the House of Lords would be affected by the ennoblement of one or two hundred Radicals very much exaggerate the snobbery of their fellow-countrymen.

A more serious objection is that the House of Lords, once swamped, would be powerless even to delay Home Rule and other violent changes for two years. Surely such a fear is due to an entire misconception? The present majority in the House of Lords in favour of Lord Lansdowne's amendment does not exceed two hundred to two hundred and fifty. That number then is the outside limit of the peers which Mr. Asquith could ask the King to create. Even revolutionary procedure must have some relation to the difficulty which it is employed to overcome. To ask for the creation of five hundred peers, for instance, to swamp a hostile majority of two hundred and fifty would be such an outrage on all decency as no Minister would dare to commit, and no sovereign could afford to tolerate. So that assuming that the Lords did not yield till they were actually swamped and that the whole of the Ministerial nominees, together with the existing Liberal peers, voted solid for Home Rule and all other Radical iniquities, they would still be considerably less than half the House of Lords. The powers of delay left to the Second Chamber by the Parliament Bill for what they are worth could be therefore exercised just as effectively by that body in the future as they could be at the present time.

Finally it is alleged that the electorate have decided in favour of the Parliament Bill, and any further resistance to it will enrage them. On the face of it this contention requires qualification. In the South and in the West the voters supported the House of Lords. There is no pretence for saying that any strong view on the subject prevailed in the eastern counties, in Ireland, or in Wales. There remains the North, and especially the Lowlands, the West Riding and Lancashire. Under our existing method of consulting the electors there is no means of saying on which of the many subjects discussed the general election really turned. But let us assume that the industrial North are anti-peer. Will they be moved from that position by an abandonment under pressure of all that the peers and their advocates have been saying for the last two years? Clearly not. Nor will they be embittered against the Lords if the latter reaffirm their previous position. On the other hand surrender will profoundly disgust all the southern friends of the Lords. It is a first rule of politics to care

far more for pleasing your friends than for offending your enemies. Your enemies will in nine cases out of ten continue to vote against you whatever you do. But if you disgust your friends, if you convince them that you are not worth supporting, that means electoral destruction. Wherefore if the Lords are wise, though they should not despise, still less insult, the industrial North, they will do well to consider chiefly the sentiments and opinions of the agricultural South.

On the lowest grounds therefore of self-interest the Lords should fight to a finish. In the highest interests of the country that course is no less essential. The Government have embarked on a revolutionary policy. To serve their party interests they have decided to tear up the Constitution of the country. Owing to various reasons, among the chief of which has been the excessive moderation of the Opposition, the electors have never yet realised the grave character of the Government proposals. It is of the last importance therefore that the Lords should not yield except to clear, unmistakable compulsion. In that way and that way only will their friends be satisfied that they have not deserted the vital interests entrusted to them, and the country at large will understand that a revolution is in progress carried out by revolutionary methods.

THE CITY.

SOME confidence has been re-established on the Stock Exchange during the last few days, which in view of the exceptionally healthy technical condition of markets, could not fail to provoke a general recovery. The reaction would probably have set in sooner but for the influence of the continued decline in Consols. The fundamental cause of the low price of Consols is the bigger investment yield provided by other stocks of undoubted security. This explanation covers all the incidental reasons that are mentioned from day to day, and bed-rock will only be reached when the situation has been compromised by the decline itself. Already a few bold spirits have come to the conclusion that Consols are beginning to "look cheap", and a very little buying sufficed to bring about a recovery, especially as calmer views are now taken of every factor which exerted an adverse influence last week. The mention of Agadir no longer causes tremors in the markets, and the differences between Turkey and Montenegro have been relegated to the background. Admittedly the volume of business on the Stock Exchange remains small, but the prevailing sentiment is cheerful and the condition of the money market is quite favourable.

The near approach of dividend declarations on home railway stocks has revived optimism in this section. The settlement of the labour troubles at Manchester permitted a clearer appreciation of the probabilities that the dividends will be of a stimulating character on the whole. Throughout the dulness quiet investment purchases of the heavy stocks has been in progress, and the continuance of excellent weather has directed renewed attention to the passenger stocks, Great Easterns, Brightons, Chathams and South Easterns being in demand. At the same time the increase in the dividend of the City and South London Railway created an inquiry for other "tube" stocks, in the hope that the example of the oldest tube company will be followed. So far the new buying during the current account has been mainly on behalf of professionals who had allowed their books to become very bare of stock, but there are signs of increasing public interest.

Among Colonial railway stocks the feature has been the recovery in Canadian Pacifics. The Berlin operators who sold out precipitately under the first shock of the Moroccan news, coupled with the denial that the Company is negotiating for control of the Erie line, have repurchased their holdings, thus driving the bears to cover and encouraging fresh buying, on a small scale, in London and New York. The company's financial year commenced on 1 July, and the first week's traffic shows an increase of \$74,000. Grand Trunks have also

advanced fractionally as the result of an increase of £13,000 in the "take" for the first week in July. In Wall Street efforts are being made by professional operators to create a bull campaign. So far the public has shown no great inclination to participate, the chief handicap to business being the excessive heat in New York. On the whole conditions are favourable to a rise in quotations, in view of the superabundance of money and of crop reports, which, although contradictory, are satisfactory on balance. In the foreign railway department, Mexicans have been marked down owing to disappointing traffics; and, as regards foreign bonds, the suggestion that General Castro is making another bid for Dictatorship has depressed the quotation for Venezuelans, while expectation of a reasonable settlement of the long default has lifted Guatemalans.

A complete change has come over the Rubber share market, so complete that dealers were able to ignore the unsatisfactory report of the Rubber Share Trust and pin their faith, temporarily at least, on the future. The improvement was inevitable, if only on account of the short supply of shares in the market, but it was quickened by the advance in the price of the raw material, which however has not been maintained. At the present time there is more bidding for shares than actual buying, because shares are not forthcoming in appreciable volume at current quotations. The only immediate handicap to the market is the fact that a large section of the investing and speculative public has had very unfortunate experience in rubber shares, and many shareholders are only waiting an opportunity to secure a small profit on stock that they have been holding for a long time. This, however, need not prevent the cautious investor or speculator from taking a hand in the market now.

Even the mining markets have assumed a brighter complexion with the assistance of bear covering. The carry-over disclosed a shortage of stock in Kaffirs, Rhodesians, and West Africans, and prices naturally responded to a little professional bidding. Oil shares remain steady at their reduced level, but present prices do not invite large purchases. In the industrial section any disappointment created by the Marconi report was offset by the promise of a dividend, and the meeting is now as eagerly awaited as was the report. National Telephone Deferred have recovered on the news that the Post Office has abandoned its position in regard to the plant to be taken over at the end of the year.

INSURANCE.

THE ATLAS AND ESSEX AND SUFFOLK EQUITABLE.

LITTLE surprise will be occasioned by the announcement that an offer from the board of the Atlas Assurance Co. is to be submitted to the members and shareholders of the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society, Ltd. From the moment the 1910 accounts of that venerable institution were published experts were aware that its future was precarious, and there was a widespread belief that the business would have to be sold. Fortunately this last misfortune will be averted—for the present, at any rate. Should the liberal offer made by Mr. S. J. Pipkin on behalf of his company be accepted—as will probably be the case—the existence of the Essex and Suffolk will be continued, and Colchester will not have to deplore the loss of one of its most treasured institutions. Real independence will probably depart, but the title will be retained, the head office will remain at Colchester, and the Society will be conducted as a separate concern, with its own board of directors, officers, and staff.

An arrangement of this sort which preserves the name of an old and respectable society will presumably commend itself to the members and shareholders, and is distinctly better than could have been expected in the circumstances. Holders of membership policies will be guaranteed certain benefits by an unquestionably strong company, as also will the holders of other policies covering fire risks in the United Kingdom, while the share-

holders will find themselves relieved of considerable anxieties. In exchange for each £1 paid share they will receive £2 in Atlas debentures carrying 4 per cent. interest, and will immediately receive a full half-year's dividend up to June 30 last. Such an offer is bound to appeal to the shareholders, whose present position is not one to be envied. On each of the fifty-six thousand £10 shares which have been issued there is an uncalled liability of £9 per share, making £504,000 in all, and it must further be remembered that the recent underwriting developments have not proved specially successful, except in so far as extending the business is concerned.

How the Society has fared since 31 December last is not known outside of its own doors, but even at that time there was cause for some disquietude—especially in connexion with the accident department, which had incurred an admitted net loss of £14,767 on its year's trading. When the business of the Pilot Insurance Corporation, Limited, was acquired experienced accident underwriters predicted that the step would end in disaster, and this has proved to be the case. Nor is it probable that the personal accident and employers' liability risks taken over from the Essex and Suffolk Accident Indemnity Society on 14 August 1909 have left any substantial profit, although small sums were transferred to profit and loss account at the end of that year. Only the most practical underwriters, as a matter of fact, can make money out of the business, and there was no one at Colchester who had gained sufficient experience to ensure success.

Even the long-successful and wonderfully prosperous fire department may easily have occasioned trouble, for recent extensions seem to have been made with more zeal than judgment. At the annual meeting in March last the chairman admitted that since 1902 the number of agents had increased from eighty to some six thousand, and that business had been accepted from abroad. It is never difficult, as managers are aware, to appoint agents by the hundred or the thousand, and premium incomes can always be swollen by the acceptance of fire risks in the United States; ability is shown by obtaining sound business and the services of competent agents. In neither of these two respects does the administration of the Essex and Suffolk appear to have been conspicuously good of late. Since the end of 1904 the fire premium income has been nearly trebled, but the amount of the fire fund has decreased and the larger business is leaving much the same profit as before.

THE HOOTING NUISANCE.

NOTHING that concerns the mechanical life of our time has gone through such a rapid evolution as the motor-car. It seems but yesterday that we were reading of, or taking part in, hazardous journeys of ten miles by road, heavily equipped with repairing apparatus and provisioned for twenty-four hours. It seems but yesterday that public opinion all over the country was gradually waking up, holding up its hands in wonder, and saying, "The motor-car has come to stay". And all the while the motor-car has been not staying, but pursuing its inevitable way, imposing itself upon the world in ways both fortunate and unfortunate. It began by being a scientific experiment, went on to become the instrument of the adventurous, then became the toy of the rich, then the ambition of the poor, and finally the servant of everyone. Ten years ago it was a fantastic luxury, and to-day it is a dire necessity. From being the plaything of society it has come to dominate society. It is now our tyrant, so that at last we have turned in revolt against it, and begun to protest against its arrogant ways. We have often wondered how long the most highly civilised community in the world would endure the frightful din with which the motor has invaded parts of London that but lately were sacred to peace and dignity; but evidently the limit of endurance has been reached. If one quarter of the changes of street traffic that have happened in the last ten years had come upon London suddenly, they

would not have been tolerated; but the changes have been so gradual, the nuisances have been so wonderfully mingled with benefits, and the whole system of traffic so greatly accelerated, that the increase in noise passed almost unnoticed. Now, however, public opinion has at last realised that we are in danger of the very worst stage of the Americanisation of London—the stage of noise.

Compared with other great capitals, London has always been a quiet city; even in its busiest thoroughfares, such as Piccadilly or the Strand or London Bridge, the note has always been a deep note and the sound a steady and pervading sound, like the sound of a river tide, and the chief element in it used to be the beat of innumerable horses' feet. But that is quite changed. Instead of the crepitation of thousands of tapping hoofs on the pavement we have the definite mechanical buzz of the motor for ground tone, rapidly waxing and waning as the vehicle approaches and passes. But this is only ground tone; above it rise all the intermittent and harsh mechanical sounds associated with the changing of gears, and at the top of the scale the sounds of the horns and hooters which are now so justly made the cause of complaint. The prophet Nahum had a very curious premonition of the motor-car when he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"; he did not add that they would roar like the thunder and trumpet like the beasts of the forest. But that is exactly what they do. Sober, Georgian Mayfair has lost its ancient peace, and there are residential streets in the heart of the West End which sometimes would rival Chicago for noise. The noises themselves we all agree are quite dreadful—loud grunts or sudden hoots, yells, squeaks, other sounds that one can only imagine to be like the death-rattle of a mastodon, and still others that frankly suggest the slaughter-house. Fortunately no one defends the nature of these noises, but many people still think them to be necessary. If they are necessary, they can be regulated. A few years ago a serious attempt was made to keep down the noises made by itinerant musicians and vendors in the streets; but people do not realise that the existing state of affairs is equivalent to the licensing of thousands upon thousands of itinerant musicians, every one equipped with an instrument of his own choice and with formidable locomotive powers. In a quiet street in Mayfair the other evening some of these noises, audible from a chair in the quietest part of the house, were counted; and between ten minutes to eight and five minutes to eight there were heard three hundred and thirty-three blasts or notes of horns or various other mechanical devices of motor-cars—that is to say, an average of sixty-seven per minute. And when we consider that every sudden and unexpected sound is an assault upon the nervous system, which has to be met by an actual physiological process of resistance, it is easily understood that all this medley of sound is adding to the nervous strain on the community, taking its toll of energy which we would fain reserve for finer purposes.

It is claimed in defence of the motor-horn nuisance that people would be killed if the drivers of motor-cars did not frighten them by making sudden and hideous noises. If that is so—and it is quite possible—then obviously the sooner the conditions which govern the driving of motor-cars in the streets are changed the better. It has always been claimed for the modern motor-car that it is infinitely more under control than a horse-drawn vehicle; that is to say, that it can be stopped sooner and its course diverted more quickly to avoid some obstacle. Yet it was never thought necessary to equip hansoms and carriages with anything more formidable than a little tinkling bell; and the carts of the butcher and the evening newspaper—perhaps the most formidable of all horse-drawn vehicles—have never been equipped with any mechanical instrument at all. Such vehicles, if the pedestrian did not hear them or see them, pulled up or got out of his

way. It was always understood that this course was preferable to injuring or killing the pedestrian. Now, however, it has come gradually to be assumed that the motor-car, in spite of its having come to stay, must not stay at all; it must always go on. The motorist says, in fact, to the pedestrian, "I am coming; if you do not hear my Gabriel trombone I am afraid I shall run over you". And if by any chance a chauffeur does have to pull up suddenly to avoid committing manslaughter, his face is usually a miracle of indignant expression. To pull up a motor quickly is bad for the tyres and for the machinery; it may cost quite a lot of money. But people have not yet realised that the proper alternative to pulling up suddenly is, not to kill somebody, but to drive slowly, and that rapid travel is a luxury which should be paid for, not in the lives and deaths of pedestrians, but in the tyre and repair bills of the owner.

A practical test could very easily be made as to the possibilities of doing without motor-horns. Take the parallelogram enclosed by Park Lane on the west, Oxford Street on the north, Curzon Street on the south, and Bond Street on the east—the heart of Mayfair in fact. Why should it not be possible, for a trial fortnight, to make it illegal to sound any motor-horn at all in this area? This is not to say that motor-cars should not be equipped with some mild instrument of warning, but it would demonstrate in an extreme way that it is possible to drive a motor-car quite safely without ever using a horn at all. It is more troublesome to the driver because it means that he and not the pedestrian is to take the responsibility of preserving the pedestrian's life; but this is as it should be. Most drivers of motor-cars have known what it is to have a horn go out of order when they have been driving through the densest traffic, and they know that it is quite possible, although troublesome, to drive under these conditions. The unhappy pedestrian has been "educated" almost out of his wits; it is time now for the drivers of motor-cars to be educated, not in the craft of driving, for they are skilful enough in that, but in some of the decencies and amenities of human life.

THE PRADO'S NEW "PRIMITIVE".

By ROYALL TYLER.

DURING the latter part of May and beginning of June, a collection of about thirty Castilian, Leonese and Aragonese primitives was to be seen in the Academia de San Fernando, Madrid. I arrived too late for the exhibition, but was fortunate enough to find one of the pictures still on view at the Academy, and one so much admired by the Director of the Prado, the President of the Academy, and all the critics and amateurs of Madrid that the owner of the collection presented it to the Prado, where some good Spanish primitives are certainly badly wanted. It represents the Annunciation; the figures of the Virgin and the Angel, slightly under life size, are seen in a garden enclosed by a wide strip of velvet, with a little house on one side. It is painted in an egg-medium on a coating of plaster over wood, and though the panel is broken in one place and scratched in several others it is not badly preserved on the whole. The author of the catalogue, Don Elias Tormo, Professor of Art in the University of Madrid, attributes it to the Hispano-Italian school of the first or second decade of the fifteenth century. He goes on to say "the style in Italian art would seem to precede rather than follow the similar manner of Masolino da Panicale and Fra Angelico da Fiesole most especially; perhaps it may have some connexion with Starnina's journey to Spain and his labours at Valencia, and with the Valencian art of Pere Nicolau (flourished in 1400) and others. Starnina was afterwards, in Florence, Masolino's master. It comes from Calatayud or that neighbourhood."

I prefer to say at once that, though I knew nothing at all about it at the time, a Madrid paper had already published an article proclaiming the panel to have been

painted last year in Madrid. On the other hand, I saw in the papers only a couple of days ago that the panel has already been given a place of honour in the Primitive Room in the Prado, and that Srs. Viniestra and Martinez Cubells, sub-director and restorer in that museum, have in their turn proclaimed that they have spent three entire days examining it without finding the slightest indication to make them doubt of its authenticity, and have challenged the man who made it to come forth and let them see him make another like it if he can. As the Annunciation's admirers show fight, I will give the reasons that made me leave the Academy that day intimately convinced that it was a forgery.

The colour is pleasant enough in itself, and in a high scale, but at its best slushy in consistency and without the hard enamel-like brilliancy achieved by primitive painters, and at its worst, as in the would-be rainbow hues of the Angel's wings, dull and confused. The gold ground is cleverly done and stippled with great care, but the whites throughout are dirty instead of mellow as they ought to be. The two figures are ill-matched, there is no correspondence between their lines and proportions, so that the reproduction that lies before me as I write looks as if it might have been made from two photographs focussed from different points. The Virgin, by far the more successful, has probably been cribbed out of some photograph of a Florentine painting, but the Angel belongs to another race, and I should be greatly surprised if a figure closely resembling his could be found among any of the creations of Starnina's and Masolino's contemporaries. The Virgin's hair is carefully but not minutely treated, but in the Angel's the painter went astray and made a sticky mess rather like the sweet stuff called *pelo de angel* that Spaniards eat with ham. To my eye by far the most suspicious thing about the panel, quite enough to damn it were all the rest beyond reproach, is what the catalogue calls the "tapiceria" that shuts in the gardens, a broad band of greenish-blue stamped velvet with a great flaming pattern of a type surely never seen in the first or second decade of the fifteenth century, or, if one looks closely enough, in any other decade. The repeating of such an overwhelming element of design as this great thistle woven horizontally between two starved, mean borders would never have recommended itself to the consummate artists who imagined the stuffs of that time. Where is the understanding and loving care with which not only Florentines, Sienese and Umbrians but also, as far as their skill went, Catalans, Valencians, and even Castilians painted vestments and hangings: Siculo-Arabian, Lucchese, Near Eastern or Spanish silks and brocades? What is more, the Angel's body and wings cut across this band, and the bits of velvet that show between them and the edge of the panel, instead of carrying out the pattern, are woefully cobbled with meaningless hen-tracks in a manner that would have set any primitive painter's teeth on edge.

It is interesting that all Madrid should have passed before this picture with its mouth full of praise, and that not one little doubt should have troubled the breasts of the gentleman whose boundless enthusiasm induced Sra. de Iturbe to present it to the Prado. The newspaper article in which it was called a fake gives no reason for holding this opinion, but simply states that it was painted in a studio in the Traversia del Horno de la Mata. It seems that, had not someone who saw it painted been unable to contain himself, no dissident voice would have been heard. The prettiest part of it is that this article, far from putting the Prado authorities on their guard, elicited from them the solemn verdict that the panel is genuine. Not until the painter lets us see him make another, say they, will we believe it to be anything else. In that case there is no reason why the Annunciation should not remain in the Prado for ever. It is really too much to expect that a man who has taken the trouble of learning how to paint with egg and glue until, in the Spanish phrase, he can eat by faking primitives, should voluntarily deprive himself of food in order to discomfit Srs. Villegas, Viniestra and Martinez Cubells. *El que dice la verdad se queda sin ella*—you

can't speak truth without giving the truth away. Let them offer him the post of official restorer to the Prado in place of Sr. Martinez Cubells if he succeed in making good his case, and I fancy they will not have to wait long for his answer. Speaking of restorations, the official pronouncement throws a sop to hostile opinion in the shape of a confession that the panel has been restored in places. Of all the fanciful things that have been said and written about the painting, this is the most capricious; there are places where the brush work is no better than cobbling, but the paint is of one and the same quality from beginning to end. In one sense only has the thing been restored; the board is undoubtedly old, and the paint new.

The mention of Starnina in connexion with this picture may have attracted attention. Starnina has left no well-authenticated work behind him in Italy, and I believe little is known about him beyond Vasari's assertion that he was Masolino's master. Sr. Tormo's linking his name with this Annunciation might well induce one to hope that Sr. Tormo knows of something of his in Spain, where Vasari says he worked and enjoyed royal favour. Otherwise, why should the Annunciation suggest him to Sr. Tormo's mind? I fear that Vasari's story of his journey is the one and only reason; there is nothing in Spain which there is the slightest ground for attributing to Starnina, though at León, Toledo, Salamanca and other places there are enough traces of anonymous early Florentine frescoes to make it likely that several men from that city came to Spain, so many in fact that to mention Starnina is simply a random shot. I have the greatest respect and liking for many types of the Spanish mind. But it were really a miracle if Spaniards excelled in the criticism of early painting. They have a sumptuous museum, an imperial and royal collection of masterpieces of the Renaissance in the Prado, but beyond a few superb Flemish primitives there is hardly any early work in Castile but the dry productions of sons of the soil who learnt painfully to imitate Flemings and Germans, but never for a moment achieved their quality. The Prado, I believe, has not acquired a primitive of any importance for fifty years, and almost without exception those it possesses belonged to the Royal Family for centuries. Italian easel painting of this period there is next to none, and when Spaniards, who do not travel outside Spain, are interested in it they are obliged to go to art-books, a habit that feeds the imagination at the expense of the critical eye.

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME.

WHEN one has come to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor" it is disconcerting to fall suddenly into a nightmare wherein Cardinal Wolsey is heard talking to Marcus Brutus. "And in the height of this bath," said the Cardinal, "when I was more than half-stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled glowing hot in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook." Luckily the worst of the nightmare lasted only so long as one's eyes were shut. Open-eyed one could plainly see the incorrigible fat man in an unmistakable room of the Garter. Yet even with eyes open, it was very horrible to be aware now and then of the ghost of Mark Antony speaking in some trick or gesture through the fiery guise of Sir John; or to look through plain Master Ford to bluff King Harry, standing characteristically with legs well apart. Truth to tell, this Shakespeare season at His Majesty's Theatre has been a striking illustration of what I was saying a few weeks ago in connexion with the acting of the Irish players. British acting is so entirely individual, the player is in the public eye to-day so much more important than the play, that it is an eerie and uncomfortable experience to see a company of "stars" run rapidly through a series of plays in a single season. Sir Herbert Tree can physically disguise himself as well as anyone, so far as hair, paint, and pencil can effect the business. But alas! the bundle of

manners and inflexions, and gestures and tones which to the eye and ear connote Sir Herbert Tree are as fixed and constant as the northern star. These "festivals" always make it plain that if we are to have a national repertory theatre we shall be compelled to set up a new school of acting, aiming strictly at the repertory idea. There is not room in a repertory scheme for the over-individualised acting of the West-end stage. There are severe critics of this kind of acting who hope and believe that it will vanish altogether. This is not probable; nor is it to be wished. There will always be room for the individual player—the kind of player for whom plays are expressly written. Did not Mr. John Masefield write "The Tragedy of Nan" for Miss Lillah McCarthy? And for whom did Mr. Shaw create the part of Lady Cicely Waynflete? These are not names of the back-water. But if the repertory idea is ever to be satisfactorily worked out, we want a new school of acting to put beside the old. Perhaps the kind of repertory company, or festival company, got together to give a rapid series of plays, would be a company of really young actors in the hands of a capable producer. So soon as any member of the company showed signs of developing any particular manner—any "talent", as the word is understood by the ordinary playgoer—he should be turned out. A press notice would, in these circumstances, be a black mark, and the player who got more than a fixed number of black marks in a given season would be reckoned a star, and sent to shine elsewhere. It would then, at any rate, be impossible with shut eyes to hear Cardinal Wolsey telling dreadful stories of a buck-basket to the noblest Roman of them all. This is a truly horrible experience; and, though I am dead against repertory, or a national theatre, or any other fanatically artistic enterprise being the only tolerated form of dramatic activity, I certainly think that a company of quite ordinary, intelligent but zealous young players would be a better company for a Shakespeare festival than is the present galaxy at His Majesty's.

One good thing, at any rate, this season of Sir Herbert Tree has brought forth. It has discovered to us in Mr. Arthur Bourchier an actor who may be taken seriously as an interpreter of Shakespeare. One need not agree with his reading of the parts to enjoy them, or to see in them evidence of thought and a careful appreciation of the characters as a whole. Mr. Bourchier misses at present the real secret of Shakespeare's magic. He is acting too persistently with his head. His interpretations are hard, clear, and metallic. There is nothing in the atmosphere he creates of the half-lights of poetry, or of fine, inexpressible things. In his Brutus, for example, there was none of the melancholy, or dreaming soul-sickness, of the man of "temperament". His Brutus was a man of sincere and generous feeling, but something of a Benthamite, who acted for the "general", driven by a kind of hard, Radical logic. It was a stronger and more intelligent Brutus than the Brutus of Shakespeare; but less a poet and less a man of imagination. Mr. Bourchier's Brutus would never have been able to see the ghost of Cæsar or of anyone else. But how much better and nearer truth it was than the hero Brutus we know from a hundred misinterpretations! Mr. Bourchier's humorous rôles have a similar quality of hardness. They belong to French comedy more than to Shakespearean humour. Master Ford, as played by Mr. Bourchier, might have walked clean out of a comedy by Molière. It was played clean from the head—the jealous husband anatomised almost with cruelty. One was at times on the point of pitying Master Ford as a pathetic figure of the comedy of criticism. Mr. Bourchier, in fact, read into the part a great deal which was not there. As Bottom the Weaver he did exactly the same thing, and with a most curious result. Bottom the Weaver, in Mr. Bourchier's hands, was a rasping and unlovely figure. Reading the part with his head, and playing it with immense seriousness of aim, he nearly succeeded in turning Bottom likewise into a figure of pure comedy. Reading more than was in Shakespeare, he achieved

considerably less; and turned the supremely Teutonic humours of the part—the smile broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture—into mere intelligent criticism of life.

There is one other thing good to record of the season at His Majesty's. As Mistress Page in "The Merry Wives", we have had yet another opportunity of saying farewell to Miss Ellen Terry. Unfortunately, I have never been able to do anything else but say farewell to one who is even now the only living actress who is unerring in her delivery alike of the verse and prose of Shakespeare. It is a melancholy pleasure which I have never missed and never intend to miss. One of the bright memories of this present year for those who have attended will be the series of lectures given by Miss Ellen Terry upon Shakespeare's heroines. Happily, these lectures are mainly reading or recitation of passages from the plays; and one realises with some bitterness of heart how much we miss from having so few players to-day who have any instinct or training for the delivery of Shakespeare's words. I have never heard Miss Ellen Terry dwell upon the wrong word, or miss any effect of balance or rhythm. The supreme quality of her acting, as I have seen it in these later days, is due almost entirely to her miraculous instinct for the beauty of Shakespeare's speech. It was this beauty of speech on which Shakespeare mainly relied for the painting of his scene and the passion of his dramatic mood; and to hear an actress with every gift for its delivery read from the book before her is to have Shakespeare as he may not usually be had on the modern stage. Some critics have lamented that Miss Ellen Terry never devoted herself to "modern" drama; that she never added to her heroines from Shakespeare heroines from Ibsen. This lamentation is wide of any mark at all. Ibsen needs not a great actress for his purpose; simple intelligence is sufficient, and a careful reading of the plays. Who would have Miss Ellen Terry act Ibsen when she could be reading Shakespeare? One can be very, very sorry for the person who would.

"P. J."

THE ACADEMICAL SPIRIT.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

"EVERYTHING in England", said a clearsighted if not very practical philosopher, "takes the shape and hue of politics." It is really only within the last fifty years that academic interests have swamped political influences at our Universities. Looking back at the past history of Oxford and Cambridge, one sees in them a distorted and trembling reflection of the political atmosphere of the day; now, on the other hand, they have an inner motion and current of their own, which has very little to do with what is technically known as politics, and bears only the dimmest resemblance to what was formerly known as *la haute politique*. National and imperial politics are rapidly disappearing under the coils of finance. How to squeeze money from the public, taking care that the sufferers are in a decided minority, and how to spend it, taking care that the disbursers are in a secure oligarchy, that is the real business of the modern politician.

Meanwhile the Universities have their independence to enjoy, and their own finances to deal with. A certain degree of local self-government has resulted in a much-increased educational efficiency and an academical serenity which you may call undue complacency or proper pride according to your taste. The Universities have all the aplomb which comes of old traditions, adequate endowment, and the consciousness of work vigorously done and widely appreciated—the *mens solida* of which Horace speaks. If ever a strictly political choice has really to be made, it becomes plain what the constituent elements actually are; that the liberal tendencies which sparkle so blithely and so becomingly upon the surface of University politics are only the bubbles forced out by the silent moving stream as a proof that aspiration is only upward, while progress is certainly onward and possibly downward!

The publication of the third volume of Mr. Mullinger's "History of the University of Cambridge (1626-1667)"*—let me say in passing that the binding, pasting, and balance of the book are unworthy of the excellent typography—gives much food for reflection upon academical tendencies. The extraordinary development, not only in the status and position of the Universities, but of their quality and personnel, is forced upon one at every turn. The book is a mine of interest; the author wields his immense and accurate learning with remarkable lightness and precision. A whole gallery of portraits is unveiled before the eyes, and what is more remarkable is that not only are the personalities made clear and distinct, but the combination and interplay of forces is somehow indicated. Probably it was not within the scope of Mr. Mullinger's intention to give more of the colour of the social and even intellectual life—as apart from literary and theological production—of the era which his book covers. The narrative keeps strictly to the official current of affairs, and the self-limitation involved is resolute and admirable. The University appears, it may frankly be confessed, in a servile and degraded light. It was not regarded by the earlier Stuarts or by the officials of the Commonwealth as an educational institution of weight and efficiency so much as a drowsy sort of monastery into which needy scholars, theological hacks, and political time-servers might be safely intruded, as into a great intellectual stew-pan, out of which it might be hoped that ultimately some mental and spiritual aliment might possibly be extracted.

One loses oneself in amazement at the utter disregard by public opinion of any question of efficiency at the University in those times. No tests were applied, no inspection direct or indirect; a visitation was a mere probing of orthodoxy—orthodoxy implying no reference to undisputed standards, but simply meaning a deferential concurrence with the theological opinions of the particular persons armed, for the time being, by political upheaval, with the power of deprivation. The difficulty is to realise what was going on underneath it all. What with intrusion and extrusion, plague and pestilence, spoliation and vandalism, no wonder that the flurried residents embarked on comparatively few far-reaching or original designs of study or research, of analysis or synthesis. The marvel is that any intellectual life or independence survived the harsh intervention of Governments or the clash of rival orthodoxies.

One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Mullinger's book is the account he gives of the Cambridge Platonists, who appear, strange to say, by a sort of happy renaissance, on the horizon, just at the very time when the prospects of the whole place seemed at their darkest and dimmest. The Cambridge Platonists undoubtedly represented the poetical and artistic rebellion of the thoughtful mind against authority and orthodoxy. Descartes and Hobbes had pointed the way to the revolt against Aristotle, who, as Scaliger said, was regarded as the "Emperor and perpetual Dictator of all the fine arts". The Cambridge Platonists, of whom More and Smith were the men of genius, rebelled against the old scholasticism, and endeavoured to establish the rational faculty as the final court of appeal in all ethical and spiritual questions. They were not much concerned, as a matter of fact, with theology, though it was inevitable that any awakening thought should clothe itself in the venerable garments of divinity. They were much more concerned, as Whichcote's work abundantly shows, with the basis of ethics; while More's writings are full of passages of the most direct poetical beauty, that artistic passion which is neither pagan nor Christian, but has a conscience and a canon of its own, that is certainly not ethical and still less religious. That is one of the charms of this particular volume, that with the Platonists there comes a gleam of light into the dreary and muddy prospect. Heaven knows it was to be effectually quenched again in the self-indulgent grossness and vinous indolence of the eighteenth century—though one perhaps does wrong to generalise too closely

about the condition of an institution where mental independence and ardent intellectual life was always possible apart from official encouragement and intellectual sympathy.

But it is certainly difficult fully to realise the contrast between Cambridge of the Stuarts and Cambridge of the twentieth century—it is difficult even to discern the germs of the modern Cambridge in the grim oligarchical scheming terrorism of the old. It was not that Cambridge was snobbish; she was frankly servile! Apart from this one fancy that there is a certain dim resemblance which can be detected between the old and the new. Money plays a very important part in Cambridge of to-day, though its force and weight are more delicately concealed than formerly. "Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus" was the spirit of the old University. As Gray humorously translated the apophthegm, "We don't say much, but we hold good livings". Perhaps the modern tendency is rather to rewrite the old motto as "Vivimus, sed non magna loquimur"—"We have a vivid life of our own, but we don't make any big professions".

That is perhaps the fault of modern Cambridge—and why she has fallen behind Oxford in the race—that she claims not to understand the art of self-advertisement—apart, that is, from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—but is really as disingenuous in disclaiming her virtues as she would be if she unduly emphasised them. The dispute between Oxford and Cambridge is simply as to whether it is better to put all your stock in the shop-window or none! Perhaps there are signs that there are certain Cambridge men now extant who do not hold reticence to be the first of virtues. An educational establishment manned by sophists, who after all live, so to speak, by the altar, must be prepared to issue a syllabus of its wares, which need not degenerate into a prospectus of its advantages. A modern University must not only be efficient but must be known to be efficient, and after that it may be as high-minded and disinterested as it can.

[Mr. Benson's concluding sentence reminds us irresistibly of the saying of the foremost of living Cambridge men, that the necessary thing for the examinee—a person Cambridge has heard of—is not to know but to be known to know.—Ed. S.R.]

THE LORDSHIP OF WALES.

PRINCE OF WALES and Earl of Chester, invested by the King of England. Prince of Wales by the grace of God. In these words we read the story of a nation's fall.

The blue-eyed and flaxen-haired princes of the house of Kunedda and Maelgwyn, whose proudest heirloom is the crown of Arthur, have for two hundred years held their Snowdon land, the God-built fortress of Kambrian freedom, against the onslaught of Norman chivalry. Gruffydd ap Konan has seen the Red King turn back a beaten man from Arfon's land, Owen Gwynedd has heard the song of bards that told of the floods and the storms that scattered the proud host of Henry of Anjou on the wooded hills of Berwyn, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth has borne the Welsh banners into Shrewsbury town, and though he is son-in-law of John King of England, has fought with the Norman barons to wrest from the tyrant the charter of freedom. But while the freedom of Llewelyn's land is safe, the Norman hand still grips some of the fairest valleys of Wales—Ranulf of Chester in the north, the grim de Braoses on the mid and south-eastern Marches, and the Marshalls in Pembroke still reign in their feudal castles, and the Welsh princes in Powys and the south have not the strength to drive them from the land. But Llewelyn the great, the brave and courteous, seems to these Norman aliens, and to his brother princes in Wales a nobler chieftain than the Angevin tyrants who misrule England. Old feuds, old hates, are cast aside, and they meet him as their liege lord in the Welsh council of the princes. And the statesman Prince of Snowdon binds Norman feudalism more tenderly to the royal house of Wales when the church bells ring for the weddings of

* "The University of Cambridge." Vol. III. 1626-1667. By J. B. Mullinger. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1911. 20s.

his daughters Gladys and Helen to the heirs of the houses of de Braose and Chester. Well may Llewelyn dream as his glorious years draw to their close that some day the children of the house of Kunedda may reign as the Kings of the West, even if they may not chase the house of Plantagenet from London.

But alas for human dreams! With Llewelyn's son-in-law, John the Scot, the house of the great Norman Earls of Chester, that traces its lineage to Hugh the Wolf of Avranches, dies out in the land, and to the vacant castle on the Dee the King of England sends his son, the long-legged Edward, invested with the lordship of Chester and of Wales. Henceforth Chester, the key of Wales, is no more the fortress of a Norman baron who will as readily fight for the house of Kunedda as for the house of Plantagenet. There are now two princes on the soil of Wales, who both seek to rule the whole land, and since "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere" there must be war between them to the death.

So in the year of grace 1273 young Edward rides from Chester towers to receive the homage of the Welshmen on the Dee, but his roughriders and his bailiffs have so mishandled folks that almost ere his back is turned on his earldom the land is aflame for just law and liberty, and Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, the new Prince of Wales by the grace of God, is kindling the torch of war on English soil. A lion-hearted king is Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, but he has not the prudent head of his grandson, the great Ap Iorwerth. But for the hour fickle fortune is his friend and so moreover are the Norman lords of the March, who have only words of praise for the brave Welshmen, the sons of the heroes of Troy who fight for their liberties while the men of England bear in patience the tallages and robberies of King Henry's courtiers. And in the war of Lewes and Evesham Llewelyn sends his Welsh spearmen to fight by De Montfort's side. But when the war is over young Edward, flushed as he is with victory, dares not risk a fight in the forest of Berwyn on the slopes of Snowdon. He has crushed Simon, but he halts before Llewelyn. And so the Welsh lands of Prince Edward are given to his Welsh rival, and the King of England signs a treaty which proclaims Llewelyn of Snowdon to be the Prince of Wales. But Llewelyn is only strong while England is weak. When he faces Edward again he faces a king who has England and the lords of the Marches at his back and who can bring the flower of Gascony's soldiers into the mountain warfare of Wales. Yet the strife is hard and if at last Edward is the victor it is only because Llewelyn, surprised and alone, falls beneath a spear thrust in the valley by the Irfon's stream as he is making ready a stroke that shall sever Edward from England and leave his host to starve in the Snowdon wilds. But for the moment Wales is broken and the patriot bard prays that the sea may flow over the wretched land; while Edward, from the tower of Carnarvon, where Bran the blessed dwelt of yore, holds up before the subjects of Llewelyn his baby child Edward, who he says shall be their prince.

But it is not in the Cambrian land that Longshanks will dare to place on his son's brow the coronet of Wales. Nigh twenty years have passed since Llewelyn fell when Edward of Carnarvon receives from his sire's hand the coronet, the sceptre, and the ring that the Welsh princes bore of yore; but the "Investiture" is arranged as a scene amidst the jousts and tourneys that mark the close of the Lincoln Parliament of 1301. Next year this poor Prince Butterfly of Carnarvon will ride before the spearmen and archers of Wales o'er the river Tweed and in the last bitter year of his life it is in his Principality that he will seek a refuge from his spouse, the she-wolf of France.

On the brows of the third Edward the coronet of Wales is never placed, but the Black Prince wears it with glory. On the hill of Cressy, 'mid the vineyards of Poitiers, Welshmen with short knives and long lances and crossbows fight and die around their Prince, and o'er them waves the Red Dragon that in days to come shall be Glendower's flag. But as the hero of England lies dying in the halls of Bordeaux a prince of the house of

Kunedda, the heir of the great Llewelyn, appears as a leader in the armies of France and takes a stern vengeance for the wrongs of his race. He sails to Guernsey and ravages the isle. He meets and vanquishes and captures in fair fight the Captal de Buch, the noblest captain in the host of the Black Prince. They bring to his tent the captive Earl of Pembroke, and the heir of the Llewelyns cries fiercely "Will you do homage to me for the lands that you hold of me in Wales?" And to his banner flock the Welsh of the English army, and ever he loves to talk to them in the Kambrian tongue around the camp fires and to dream of the day when he shall sit on his fathers' throne. But one early morn as he sits by a besieged castle, he bids a soldier friend who has lately come from Wales and who talks to him in the Welsh tongue to comb his golden locks. But the soldier is, so old Froissart says, no gentleman. The council of England's boy king, the second Richard, has bribed him to do a deed of treason and blood, and he strikes Owen dead with his long Spanish dagger, and the Lords of England pay the murderer his fee, and Lords of France, 'mid tapers lighted and waving banners, lay to his last long sleep in the church of St. Leger the last prince of the house of Llewelyn; but still the name of Owen of the Red Hand is remembered in the valleys of Wales.

As it is done to Owen so is it done to Richard. And now Bolingbroke is king and he has invested his son Prince Hal with the princely emblems of Wales. But Hal must fight for his Principality, for Wales is in arms under another Owen, the lord of Glyndyfrdwy, whom not alone the Welsh lords who meet in the Welsh Parliament by the Dovey's banks: not alone the wandering bards and the friars of sweet St. Francis' name, but even the Pope of Avignon and the King of France have hailed as the Prince of Wales by the grace of God. Against Glendower the fourth Henry is powerless. Thrice does he lead a mighty host into the land of floods and mountains, and thrice does Glendower send him "bootless home and weather-beaten back". And Glendower has for his allies the royal Mortimers of the March, and his Red Dragon banner flies from the captured towers of Aberystwyth and Harlech. But in the boy Hal he meets his equal. It is this boy Hal who gives the proud Welshman's manor of Glyndyfrdwy to the flames; it is this boy Hal whose prowess turns the tide of fight on Shrewsbury field; it is this Hal who points the first cannon whose roar Wales will hear on the tower of Aberystwyth; it is this Hal who fights his way sword in hand into the castle of Harlech until he reaches the bed where Mortimer lies dying, until at last Glendower sees that he is not the Owen of whom Merlin spoke, and he passes away to end his days a lonely wanderer on the banks of the Wye.

Never more will Wales a nation offer homage to a prince who is England's foe; but ere fifty years are passed an heir of Llewelyn the great will claim her fealty, for the fourth Edward is the heir of Gladys de Braose, the dark-haired daughter of the greatest Llewelyn; and this fourth Edward sends his son, the luckless child Edward, to Ludlow to rule with his council as Prince of Wales. And to Ludlow's towers to rule come the eldest children of the first two Tudor kings, Arthur and Mary. But never until this week since the day that Wales was broken has the realm of the Llewelyns seen the investiture of a prince. Never before has the investiture of an English Prince of Wales received the sanction of Welsh harp and song. And this week the Red Dragon, the rebel flag that challenged Prince Hal, has been honoured by the King of England.

MECHANICAL PAT-BALL.

By P. A. VAILE.

THE recent all-England lawn tennis tournament gave one an excellent opportunity to form an opinion as to the development of the game in England. Frankly it cannot be said that that opinion is at all favourable to what is now known as the "English" game. The English game at present is mechanical pat-ball. All the good play at Wimbledon was provided by

foreign competitors, chiefly by the famous Frenchmen Max Decugis and Gobert, and the Germans Rahe and Kleinschroth. But there were long dreary intervals between the good things.

Lawn tennis calls for much physical and mental quickness. One must decide one's stroke in an instant, probably while running, must very likely play it on the run; must play it knowing full well that in the place where it will probably go there will be one's opponent lying in wait to spoil the occasion. Such a game calls for resource, decision, steadiness and restraint, both mental and bodily. The skilful lawn-tennis player must be able to hit severely, and yet be able so to temper his force and regulate the flight of the ball with a spin sufficient to keep it within the narrow limits of the court. Also, the game is one of the most strenuous played. In the championship singles at Wimbledon the challenger was absolutely played to a standstill in four sets. Lawn tennis, in fact, is a man's game; provided always that it is played as it was played in the days of really great play. In those days it was the genuine hard-hitting game with the natural strokes. It was truly "English" in conception and execution, and had not been, by defective methods, reduced to a mechanical kind of pat-ball in which each man's chief object is to wait for the other man to make a mistake instead of forcing him to do so. One thinks with regret of the days when Norman Brooks and Beals Wright were at their best, when S. H. Smith drove Holcombe Ward, the famous American, off the centre court in straight sets by the most wonderful and the most wonderfully sustained exhibition of forehand driving ever seen. We miss to-day the famous Americans who used to come to this great meeting. With them there is no pat-ball. They go for the winning stroke, for that is the game; waiting for the other man to miss is not. At any tournament, in the great majority of matches one may watch three games and then say "I don't want to see any more. It will all be exactly the same". This is no exaggeration, and one could if necessary mention pair after pair whose names only conjure up interminable rests with the ball "dollying" backwards and forwards across the net, quite often three to five feet above it. For it has come to this now, that the lawn-tennis player is afraid of the net. He wants to take no chances. He wants to keep it going until the other man misses. As the other man intends to do exactly the same, it is easy to see to what a state lawn tennis in England is degenerating. The men actually do not know the strokes of the game, and the majority of them have no winning shots. The backhand is always a weak defensive stroke, instead of being as it should be a fine winning shot, one of the strongest, best and most adaptable in the game. The chop, a most valuable and aggressive stroke, either in the return or in the service, is practically unknown. The reverse American service was not used by any English player at Wimbledon. The Frenchmen, Germans, and Belgians did make some use of it.

Lawn tennis as played to-day consists mainly of three strokes; the real strokes of the game are not used. As the "English" player of to-day makes his strokes, there is no wrist work in them. Lawn tennis properly played is all wrist work. A remarkable illustration of this is Mr. Roper Barrett's play. His game cannot be called vigorous, but when pushed he plays some very fine passing strokes, either on the back-hand or fore-hand, and his victories over Messrs. F. G. Lowe and C. P. Dixon, who use the holds calculated to produce soft sure strokes, was very convincing as to the merits and demerits of the two styles. Mr. Barrett's strokes are in the main produced on the sound principles used before the days of the pat-baller.

In Laurentz, Decugis, Gobert, Rahe, and Kleinschroth we have living evidence that the day of soft play is over. A man to succeed now must be both accurate and brilliant—one of them will not do. So in the end must our lawn-tennis players realise that pat-ball does not pay. Then, and not till then, will English lawn tennis come into its own again.

FORBID THE DAY.

THE waters sing as sing they must

While there's a stream to flow,
The tempests sing and sing they will
While there's a wind to blow;

But men go by with hungry ears

For songs they'll never know,

Men aching for the melody

Of skylarks long ago.

RALPH HODGSON.

WATER-ELEPHANTS AND WATER-TIGERS.

By FRANK FINN.

WHEN our most enterprising animal-dealer, Mr. J. D. Hamlyn, returned in 1905 from his successful expedition to the Congo in search of living chimpanzees, one of the most interesting stories he had to tell me was concerned with the belief of the local natives in a large and formidable aquatic beast which no white man had ever seen. Recently this report has received very strong confirmation, for a French collector, M. Le Petit, whom Mr. Hamlyn had himself met while in the Congo region, has since actually seen the mysterious animal. From his account, and from Mr. Hamlyn's comments on it, we can get a pretty good idea of the creature. M. Le Petit saw five specimens, and watched them both on land and in the water, though at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile; he made out, however, that they were much smaller than elephants, not standing over six feet high. They had no visible tusks, and their ears and trunks were short; the neck, on the other hand, was longer than in the elephant. Mr. Hamlyn adds, in commenting on this account in the "Star", that the creatures were said to be hairy, with very thick hides; to be dangerous to boats, and capable of staying under water for some time. They did not, he was told, associate with either the hippopotamus or the elephant.

This account seems to suggest some kind of tapir, a beast once reported from Africa. Tapirs toke to water freely, although not exactly aquatic animals; nor are they known to be ferocious. Moreover, all the few species of tapirs known are American, except one outlying form in Malaysia, and none is anything like six feet in height. On the other hand, West Africa is just the place in which a new tapir might be expected. Fossil remains of tapirs are known from European deposits, and there actually exists in West Africa a little beast which belongs to a genus first described from a European fossil. This is one of the small primitive hornless ruminants known as chevrotains or mouse-deer, and all its relatives live in South-Eastern Asia, some of them alongside the Malayan tapir. A tapir, therefore, might very well occur in West Africa as well as a chevrotain; more than that, it might very well be larger in size and fonder of the water than tapirs as we know them, for the West African chevrotain is the largest of the small group of species to which it belongs, and is more aquatic than its relatives; in fact, it is the only one of them which is aquatic in habit. If the suggested new tapir is really a large beast, it may very well be dangerous, especially to ill-armed men in canoes, for the existing tapirs, though pacific, are very strong animals, and can bite severely. Whatever the African water-elephant may ultimately turn out to be, we have, I think, a chance of actually seeing the legendary water-elephant of India, now that a specimen of the great elephant-seal, or sea-elephant, has been for the first time received at the Zoo. This individual does not look at all like an elephant at present, it must be admitted; its form is very much more like a fish. It is not bigger than our common seal, and all one notices about its nose is that it can be wrinkled up in a comical manner; there is no approach to a trunk. But the adult male of this seal is really a rival to the elephant, among sea-beasts; it is larger

even than the walrus, reaching five yards in length, and it has a trunk, though only about as long as a tapir's. Now it is a very curious thing that, while Sanscrit writers speak of a water-elephant, a curious beast is depicted in ancient Indian sculptures which shows a combination of elephant and fish, just as the legendary mermen and mermaids of Western myth combine the fish and man. It has been suggested that the origin of this supposedly mythical beast was a hippopotamus, known by fossil remains to have once existed in India; and the teeth given to it in the representations are certainly not in the least like the tusks of an elephant. It has, in fact, typical canines, directed downwards in the upper and upwards in the lower jaws. It is pretty evident, therefore, that the old sculptors knew that their beast was not like an elephant in the mouth. It will be noticed, too, in a sculptured figure of it on one of the stones of the Amravati tope in the British Museum (in a top corner on the landing) that the trunk is short and that no ears are visible. The teeth, however, are not of the exaggerated size which characterises the hippopotamus' huge canine tusks, and would suit the sea-elephant much better, and the short trunk and fish-like body make the identification with this creature quite reasonable. It may be properly objected here that the sea-elephant is essentially a southern animal, and that neither it, nor any other seal for that matter, inhabits Indian waters. But on the other hand, a local race of the sea-elephant existed till the last few years on the coast of California, in a corresponding latitude in the opposite hemisphere; and there seems no reason why stray individuals might not have ranged to the north on the eastern side. Familiar the creature could not have been; the conventionality and inaccuracy of the representation, on sculptures where well-known animals are faithfully enough depicted, is evidence of that. Curiously enough, there is evidence that a bird companion of the sea-elephant in the southern seas may also stray into Indian waters; the little diving-petrel, a true denizen of the southern ocean, has been seen there both by Sundevall, the Danish naturalist, nearly a century ago, and in recent years by myself. Diving sea-fowl, it may be mentioned, are almost as unlikely to be seen in south-eastern Asiatic seas as seals are; there are no auks, penguins, or divers there, and the cormorants keep mostly to the fresh water.

Along with elephants, in India at any rate, one naturally thinks of tigers; but the water-tiger story comes from a very different part of the world—from Patagonia. Here Commander Musters, when living with the giant Indians more than a generation ago, found these bold, hardy savages afraid to cross a river said to be haunted by "water-tigers"; and the party saw the tracks of these creatures, as large as a puma's, and found that two carcasses of the "ostrich" of Patagonia (really Darwin's rhea) abandoned by the waterside had been dragged into the shallows and partly eaten by the beasts. The story is confirmed by Mr. Hesketh Prichard, writing so lately as 1902: he heard of a case in which the carcass of a mule that had fallen down a precipice had been found half-devoured on the shore by beasts which left tracks as big as a puma's, yet unlike these. In another case an unknown skin, not a puma's, yet equally large, had been brought into a store. Both Commander Musters and Mr. Prichard consider that this unknown terror of the Patagonian rivers is some near relative of the great Brazilian otter, and Mr. Prichard actually saw a very large otter in the country. Anyone who looks at the specimen of the great otter of South America in the South Kensington Museum will appreciate the force of the comparison of its size with that of a puma, when it is remembered that animals tend to grow larger as they range into a colder climate; so that a Patagonian race of the Brazilian beast would probably be of formidable dimensions. That it would be dangerous to men is also practically certain, for the Brazilian otter is dreaded by the natives in some parts of America, and its ferocity would not be likely to diminish with an increase of size and a colder habitat—very much the reverse, in fact. Water-animals of unpleasantly aggressive propensities are familiar figures in legends all the world over, but it

seems as if in the "water-tiger" we have got something really definite, and waterside hunts of an extremely exciting character ought to form part of the experiences of that generation which shall fully explore and colonise the bleak extremity of the South-American continent.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VETO BILL—A VIA MEDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 July 1911.

SIR,—What has become of your English genius for compromise? What has become of your English affinity for the middle way? The two great political parties, in their legislative conflict over the Veto Bill, keep on snorting deadly and unflinching defiance at one another. I venture to submit that this attitude does not correspond with the national temper, that it evokes no approving sentiment in the breasts of most "men in the street". Why cannot the contending parties find some way out or way round? My sympathies are Radical generally, but I view the Veto Bill with some misgiving. I think the veto of the Lords should be limited. I think the will of the people should prevail. But let us be sure first that what is going to prevail is the will of the people. Here is a suggestion:

Supposing the Government and Opposition agreed to leave the provisions of the Parliament Bill precisely as they stand, with one single modification to this effect: add a clause enacting that the provisions of the Bill shall become operative only when a general election has intervened between the first passage through the House of Commons and the third passage through all stages of that House of any Bill rejected by the House of Lords. Up till the present Liberals would have been very well content had they been able to enact in one Parliament all measures passed through the House of Commons by them in the previous Parliament but rejected by the House of Lords. This plan, which would embody the principle and effect of referendum, should appeal, I think, to the sense of statesmanship and fair play of which few intelligent Englishmen are devoid. If it were adopted it would be impossible for any Ministry, Liberal or Tory, to foist upon the country legislation which the country did not want; the plan would secure the expression of popular opinion at the polls with regard to any proposals which might be introduced by a Ministry after it took office, although such proposals might not have been before the country when office was conferred on the Ministry at the polls. Where popular opinion is really behind any Ministerial proposal, such a proposal under the plan advocated could not fail to find eventual enactment. And it would have the further merit of ruling out all quarrels as to whether a Ministry had or had not mandate for any given measure. But if a Liberal Ministry passed any measure twice through the House of Commons and then had it rejected by the House of Lords, there could be no question—after a general election had intervened and such a measure had been approved a third time in the new Parliament by the Lower House—that there was popular mandate for this enactment.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MERE IRISHMAN.

ADULT SUFFRAGE AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Coram Street W.C., 12 July 1911.

SIR,—I am indeed glad to see that Mr. W. N. Ewer has decided to return to the charge, as my opponent seemed to be hors de combat.

In spite of the glib assertion of Mr. Ewer I have always adhered to my original contention that "if an Adult Suffrage Bill were introduced before the removal of the sex disability it would mean practically 'more votes for men and no votes for women'". Since writing that statement my contention has been made even clearer by the words of Mr. Philip Snowden at the

London Pavilion, 3 July 1911: "During the twenty years I have been on the public platform in something like a dozen hotly contested Parliamentary elections I have never once by any elector been asked if I were in favour of adult suffrage. You never heard of adult suffrage until the women made their demand. All this talk about adult suffrage now is nothing more nor less than an attempt to exploit the public interest in the woman suffrage question for their own ends". These words show clearly the danger to which I have referred, and which makes us suspect with reason the bona fides of adultists. It is that whereas they are constantly urging women suffragists to come and fight their battle for adult suffrage they themselves care so little about the enfranchisement of women that they would do one of two things: (a) throw woman suffrage cheerfully overboard if Mr. Asquith offered them a Government measure for adult suffrage conditionally on their jettisoning the thorny question of sex; (b) kill the fortunes of the new Woman's Enfranchisement Bill next year by wrecking it by widening amendments.

That this is where the main danger for next year's Bill lies is proved by the action of the Conciliation Committee. The W.S.P.U. are therefore seeking to strengthen the hands of the Conciliation Committee by working at every bye-election with a new temporary policy. Every candidate is asked two questions: (1) Will you support the Conciliation Committee in carrying the Woman Suffrage Bill? (2) Will you promise to vote against any amendment which the Conciliation Committee believe will endanger the passage of the Bill into law?

If a satisfactory answer is given by a candidate to both questions the W.S.P.U. will support that candidate. If not, the W.S.P.U. appeals to the electorate to get these pledges from their candidate.

Apart from this danger of wrecking by widening amendments, the Conciliation Bill's fate next year is assured. That this is so is proved by the action of avowed anti-suffragists. They have declared their intention of supporting the widening amendments and then afterwards of opposing the third reading of the Bill, which will be quite possible in view of Sir Edward Grey's condition, now accepted by the Prime Minister, of "a combined determined majority, substantial and united". Have we then not good reason to suspect Mr. Henderson and those adultists who agree with him? Even so staunch a Radical as Mr. Ponsonby M.P. recognises this danger and warned us of it at the Pavilion last Monday. He himself intends to support the Conciliation Committee although he is not a member of that committee and is a staunch fighter for adult suffrage.

What Mr. Ewer means by saying that I learn to my seeming amazement "that among the backers of Mr. Henderson's Bill was Mr. Keir Hardie" and that as a result the whole case I had worked up vanishes is quite unintelligible. Mr. Keir Hardie no doubt has backed Mr. Henderson's Adult Suffrage Bill in the same academic way that Mr. Henderson has been supporting (?) Sir George Kemp's Bill.

That Mr. Ewer tries to pass over my irrefutable case of the conduct of the Trades Union deputation as evidencing my "lack of humour" is another evidence of the view these adultists take of woman suffrage. The strenuous and obstinate opposition of the Prime Minister to women's enfranchisement and the tacit acquiescence in that opposition by the pretended supporters of the woman's cause are to be passed by with a smile. Does not such a criticism make clear and logical the women's militancy and their determination to fight for their own hand independent of every single party, including even a party which professes democracy? This is the "logic" which Mr. Ewer is too "obtuse" to perceive! None so blind as they who will not see!

Finally I should be glad to answer Mr. Ewer's two questions: (a) I consider that every addition to the present franchise, which is the work of men, must make that franchise more democratic and is therefore desirable. As to adult suffrage, that will come when there is a

genuine demand shown for it in the nation, even as there is a genuine demand for woman suffrage to-day. (b) I should recommend Mr. Ewer to study carefully the remarks of Mr. Fisher, the Prime Minister of Australia, who, whilst in this country, has asserted that woman suffrage in Australia has made no difference in the balance of parties but has introduced a new social and moral influence.

Mr. Ewer by his very assertion that the admission of some women of all classes, but mainly (82 per cent.) of working women, to the franchise would have a narrowing effect upon legislation, is showing a distrust in the good sense and political wisdom of women which fully justifies my original charge of want of "bona fides".

Yours etc.,

EMILY WILDING DAVISON.

EPIDEMIC AMONG PORTUGUESE MONARCHISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mount S. Mary's College, Chesterfield.

SIR,—The Special Correspondent of the "XXme Siècle" forwarded the following gruesome account from Lisbon, under date 15 June. Allow me to offer a full translation of the message as it appears in the issue of the aforesaid paper for 18 June 1911: "There is a veritable epidemic of sudden deaths now prevailing in Portugal, and, curiously enough, this novel kind of scourge has the power of selecting its victims. It passes by good Republicans and attacks monarchists.

"Among those arrested at Coimbra, on the pretext of conspiracy against the Republic, two military men have died suddenly; two civilians—Senhor Fortunato de Almeida, a University professor, and Senhor Machado Braga—have gone mad; another officer in the army also died suddenly, on returning home, within a few hours of his being released, and a third civilian—a professor of the University—has fallen ill exhibiting symptoms of poisoning. Fortunately he had ate but little, owing to dyspepsia. The deaths of the other prisoners were momentarily expected: so the military commandant intervened, abolished the isolation of the prisoners, and transferred them from the Penitentiary to his official residence. But he was at once deprived of his post by the Provisional Government.

"The ravages of this epidemic at Vianna de Castello were yet more remarkable. An artillery lieutenant, reputed to be a staunch adherent of Dom Manoel, also succumbed suddenly. A few days later, the commandant of the same artillery, Senhor Castello Branco, fell a victim to the terrible epidemic, and died amidst agonising convulsions. This officer, be it observed, had —on the day before his death—been guilty of the awful crime of receiving a call from a monarchist friend, who was arrested on the spot, and then expelled from the country. This monarchist—Count de Penella—had been told while in prison that his visit had gravely compromised the commandant by creating an atmosphere of suspicion around him. And people supposed that he had succumbed suddenly under the oppressive weight of the said atmosphere. Two 'Carbonarios'—members of a secret society, and agents of the Portuguese police—openly boasted of having poisoned the artillery officers. They were arrested at Tuy, but unfortunately were sent back into Portugal, where they will receive a substantial reward.

"It is reported in Lisbon that six or seven prisoners have died in the same fashion in the military prison, Castello S. Jorge. Even previous to these sad events—in March last—Colonel Celestino da Sylva, whom the mild conjectures of the Republican Press proclaimed as the leader of the monarchical agitation, met with a like sudden end. Colonel Celestino was an officer of high merit and feared by the Republicans."

In the above connexion the *Coruña* journal, "El Eco de Galicia", writes: "These deaths and seizures of madness create the impression that sympathisers with monarchism have been subjected to some inhuman fate."

The families of the victims have demanded post-mortem examinations. But the Provisional Government has disallowed their claim, alleging reasons of "public order" (!)

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
F. M. DE ZULUETA S.J.

ANTI-VIVISECTION SHOPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Ladbroke Square, London W.,
4 July 1911.

SIR,—There is nothing either evil or shameful in any sort of apparatus for experiments on animals, or in any pictures of experiments on animals, provided that all operations on animals are performed under anæsthesia, and are performed by competent persons, for the advancement of physiology or pathology. The evil and the shame must be looked for in shop windows which exhibit such apparatus and pictures, without saying one word about anæsthetics. For example, I have before me, as I write, a copy of Miss Lind-af-Hageby's "Antivivisection Review" for May of this year. It contains a photograph of the body of a dog on which an experiment was made. Over this photograph is put "A Vivisected Product of a Philadelphia Laboratory". This photograph was issued by an American anti-vivisection society. I have not the faintest shadow of doubt that the experiment was made under anæsthesia, nor have I the faintest shadow of doubt that Miss Lind-af-Hageby ought to be of the same opinion. But, in the picture, there is not one word about anæsthetics. It is the same with all the rest of her shop window: or it was the same when I last looked into that shop window. There was a stuffed animal tied on a board; but there was not one word to say, or even to suggest, that no operation on any animal, more than the lancing of a superficial vein, is allowed in this country, unless the animal is under an anæsthetic throughout the whole of the operation.

If Miss Lind-af-Hageby will send me the leaflet to which she refers in her letter, I shall be happy to tell your readers what I think of it. Meanwhile, I say again, that her shop window, when I last looked into it, did not tell, but hid the truth about experiments on animals in this country.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN PAGET,

Hon. Secretary Research Defence Society.

P.S.—Looking carefully at the picture to which I have referred, it seems to me that the animal's body has been mutilated after death, or has undergone partial decomposition. I do not suggest that any anti-vivisection society has deliberately played a trick on the public, but I think it possible that the American anti-vivisection society may have published this photograph without a sufficiently strict inquiry into the conditions under which it was taken. I am making an inquiry into the matter. An American anti-vivisection society last year exhibited an ordinary incinerator, used for the destruction of refuse, as an oven for baking live animals to death in a laboratory. So one is justified in making some inquiry into this photograph.

THACKERAY'S LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Park Square West N.W.,
10 July 1911.

SIR,—Two other quotations may be worth recalling. After the absence of Miss Rosey Mackenzie from several chapters of "The Newcomes", the next is headed "Rosa quo locorum sera moratur".

Then, in an early chapter, Colonel Newcombe startles us with "Ingenuas didicisse", etc. "Emollunt mores."

Yours faithfully,

WALTER SCADDING.

REVIEWS.

A NEW CANDIDE.

"Notes de Voyage dans l'Amérique du Sud." Par G. Clemenceau. Paris: Hachette. 1911. 3fr. 50.

IT is hardly necessary to say that M. Clemenceau possesses the gifts to make a successful journalist—observation and a facile pen. He is also endowed with qualities characteristic of the best French journalists—a sense of style and the power of rapid, if superficial, generalisation. His book therefore is welcome amid the horde always issuing from the press. The story of his trip to Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay has already appeared in a French and an English newspaper, but in translation its principal merit, style, cannot be preserved. As a serious contribution to our knowledge of the countries visited by the author it can hardly count. As a glowing impressionist sketch dashed off by a distinguished visitor who was fêted everywhere, it may rank with Froude's "Oceana". But it has not even as much purpose behind it. It is a pleasant record of a pleasant time. All the men are brave and all the women fair. M. Clemenceau is received by Presidents, Parliaments, and Medical Associations, for it must not be forgotten that he is a competent medical man, as the worthy representative of the French Republic. He is delighted everywhere with the cordiality shown to his country; it is therefore not his métier to be critical, and on the rare occasions when he assumes the part of devil's advocate it is in a half-hearted and hesitating manner.

One must remember that M. Clemenceau did not visit the Republics of Central America, and he only saw the most successful and progressive communities of the continent. He has the tact to avoid the patronising and half-contemptuous tone which still often characterises the attitude of the Briton and the Yankee towards South America. They still half-believe that these communities are made up of barbaric half-castes whose occupation is to cut one another's throats. It is true that in some States revolution is still too much of a national pastime, but no truthful observer can gainsay the enormous progress made in thirty years, and it is high time we began to adjust our views to facts. M. Clemenceau notes with amusement that in Uruguay, where politicians plume themselves on the abolition of the death penalty, the right to shoot is still recognised as a legitimate part of the political machinery. But there are anomalies quite as curious in France between Revolutionary theory and Republican practice, and that no one knows better than M. Clemenceau, whose sympathies are not unnaturally with the element he calls "Latin" in South American communities.

There are superior persons in this country who still hold that the United States are destined for the good of the world to obtain the hegemony of South America and probably to absorb large portions. M. Clemenceau has a keen perception of this and points out that the Pan-American Congress nearly came to a disastrous end owing to the proposal that "the whole of South America should be placed under the ægis of Monroe". In fact, as South American republics increase in wealth and self-confidence they tend more and more to look Eastwards towards the Mother Country and European culture, and to regard with aversion modern developments of Yankeeism. We will not enter into a discussion as to the use or misuse of the word "Latin" of which M. Clemenceau, like all his countrymen, is so fond, but his views as to the tendency of South American inclinations are quite correct. A notable increase of sympathy is taking place between Spain and her former colonies, and the wealthy proprietors of South America are always studying European methods and selecting from them for application at home. The "Rastaquouère" of French fiction has become transformed into the cultured gentleman of large landed property, accessible to new ideas but endowed with the courteous manners of old Spain.

M. Clemenceau is not such a child in business matters as he would have us believe, but it is certain that he knows as much as any man about parliaments. His criticism is therefore worth noting that though "free" institutions are apparently spreading, parliaments are everywhere falling into discredit. He rightly points to the desire for self-advertisement, which leads everyone to want to talk, as one cause of this decay. Unfortunately the more politicians become professional the more they will want to advertise themselves. We have got into a vicious circle, but is M. Clemenceau, though he knows this, the man to show us the way out? France at all events to-day is not setting towards real freedom, probably she might have a good deal to learn from Argentina, where the Church, as he admits regretfully, still possesses immense power and prevents the absolute freedom of divorce which prevails in Uruguay as in Sweden. Yet Argentina is certainly not behind Uruguay in progress and civilisation.

M. Clemenceau's visit to Brazil was of so hasty a character that he has little to say of it. He notes that the late Emperor is spoken of with sympathy and respect. Is Brazil any better off for getting rid of him? and how far is the country improving because it is a Republic? M. Clemenceau is too astute to tell us. He cites *Candide*, who also went to South America, and bids us cultivate our own garden. This is good advice for the individual but does not help us to form sound views on Republics. Does M. Clemenceau mean to hint that optimism in this respect is absurd?

THE RE-COLONISATION OF ENGLAND.

"Rural Denmark and its Lessons." By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans. 1911. 6s. 6d. net.

"Large and Small Holdings." By Hermann Levy; translated by Ruth Kenyon. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE are not wanting signs that the small holding movement has reached a very critical stage. On the one hand we have a certain section of the House of Commons, which exercises an influence out of all proportion to its knowledge of the country, pushing for the re-colonisation of England, and intensely dissatisfied with the progress that has been made under the Small Holdings Act of 1907. It regards the County Councils who have to administer the Act as unsympathetic, merely blocking the way of the would-be small holder, because they are more concerned in making the new tenancies pay their way than in extending their number at any cost to the ratepayer and to the larger farmers who are already utilising the land. The appointment of six additional Small Holdings Commissioners seems to indicate the launching of a policy of increased interference by the central authority, but as long as the County Councils have to bear the financial risk attached to the creation of small holdings, it is difficult to see how any stimulus from the Board of Agriculture can be effective in increasing the rate at which they are set up. Moreover, owing to causes which were clearly foreseen even by the supporters of the movement, the County Councils are at the present time somewhat shy of committing themselves to further responsibilities as landlords. The first pinch is beginning to make itself felt amongst the tenants already put on the land by the Act, and we are told on all sides that many of them are practically bankrupt and only too anxious to throw up their holdings. This was inevitable from the first; even under the most favourable conditions one ought not to expect that more than half of the men who start out on this difficult business will make it answer. The successful small holder is quite *sui generis*; he has to combine not only knowledge of the branches of agriculture suited to his acreage and environment, but further, that particular skill in driving a bargain and finding customers which will enable him to secure a better price than prevails in the wholesale market. This market faculty is not possessed by many men who are

otherwise skilled cultivators and indefatigable in the energy they put into their work. We have been ourselves familiar with one man who as foreman upon a fruit farm had put together enough money to make a start on his own account, only to lose the whole of his savings in a few years for lack of the art of marketing. Of course, there are equally other cases to the contrary where such men have gone on extending their business until they are now substantial capitalists. The point remains, however, that whatever the antecedents of the man put into small holdings, a substantial proportion of failures must be expected, and the more artificial the process of colonisation the higher will this proportion be. Further, the machinery of the Act inevitably results in an expensive holding. The County Council has generally had to pay either a higher price for the farm or a rent above the normal. Its operations in the way of dividing the land, fencing, erecting buildings and making roads are always expensive, and as it must secure itself from loss, the occupier thus created is generally called upon to pay a much heavier rent than prevails for the same accommodation under the ordinary landlord and tenant conditions. Small wonder that many of the men recently placed upon the land are now in the hands of the money-lenders, and are only too likely to throw up their holdings, stripped of whatever capital they started with. This state of things constitutes the driving force behind the movement to establish some form of bank prepared to lend State money at low rates to small farmers. Many of the County Councils who have been most active in the movement see that their tenants are in difficulties, and as they are not empowered to come to their assistance themselves are anxious for any form of help, which, as they say, will keep these men afloat through the first critical years until they have got their businesses into a paying state. To the business man this would seem to be a dangerous remedy, throwing good money after bad merely to defer the crash.

With the small holding movement thus so very much a part of public policy at the present time the appearance of two carefully written books upon the subject is a matter of some importance. In the first of them Mr. Rider Haggard recounts his impressions of Denmark, which has long been the locus classicus among the advocates of the extension of the small holding movement in England. Mr. Haggard went over to Denmark with three main objects in view; first of all he wished to ascertain by actual experience what the State did in Denmark to assist the formation of small holdings, and what success had attended these efforts so far as could be judged by the condition of the farmers themselves. As part of this inquiry, he made it his business to gather the opinion of those best qualified to judge as to whether these State small holdings should be rented in accordance with the policy of the Act of 1907, or whether they should be created on a system of purchase, however deferred, as is advocated by Mr. Jesse Collings and Sir Gilbert Parker. Lastly, Mr. Haggard wished to ascertain the actual facts about the land or credit banks designed to lend the small holder money wherewith to purchase or stock his farm.

Mr. Haggard found some State-created small holders not unprosperous; they own their holdings; but as in many cases they had at the outset to provide no more than one-tenth of the cost, and are still paying off instalments spread over a term of one hundred years, they are practically undistinguishable from leaseholders. Indeed, Mr. Haggard concludes there is little to choose between leasehold and freehold; what is certain is that the holder rarely possesses more capital than he needs for the working of his business, and if he has to sink any of it in buying land he must replace it by taking up a mortgage. Of Government Land Banks Mr. Haggard found no trace, the only pledging of State credit was a Government guarantee of the bonds of certain Credit Unions which lend money to small holders up to half the value of their real property.

Mr. Haggard's book is a very fair and unexaggerated picture of the situation; he sees the value of the small holder to the country, but he does

not suppose that an earthly paradise can be created by merely setting out the land of England in lots of five or fifty acres. Indeed, and here is the most valuable portion of his book, he warns us that whatever measure of success attends small holdings in Denmark it is due to two things in which we are as yet lacking, education and co-operation; education in particular, because co-operation can only grow in a community which has attained some degree of education.

Dr. Levy's book is of another type, more serious, more learned, more impressive, but we doubt if it really constitutes any greater contribution to the problem than Mr. Rider Haggard's hastily gathered opinions. It is just one of those German books which, under a great parade of historical or scientific method, and a vast display of references, disguise the political pamphlet with all its conclusions ready-made beforehand.

The early section of the book provides an interesting account of the growth of the large tenant farming system in Great Britain, and sets out again very clearly how the enclosures and the formation of large farms that took place so rapidly towards the close of the eighteenth century were attended by a great degrading of the peasant, who sank from being a small holder to something little better than a serf. In the latter part of the book Dr. Levy is chiefly concerned to show that small holders can in many cases get more out of the land than the large farmer because of the personal attention they can lavish upon their crops. The author has to abandon his case as far as corn-growing and cattle-raising go, but he still holds out for the small holder as fruit-grower, market gardener and milk producer. But here again in practice the organisation and command of capital of the large farmer will always tell; no small gardener manages his fruit with the skill displayed in some of the great Kentish orchards, if only for the one reason that he can rarely afford a spraying plant, and we shall more often find cleanliness, sanitation, and economical feeding in dealing with a herd of fifty cows than with five. But putting aside the economies due to working on a large scale, there is one other obvious reason for the superior productive power of the large farmer; the small holder with real aptitude for his job does not long remain in that position, but is always growing into something bigger. The real value of the small holding movement is to provide more openings of this kind for the rank and file of the countryside.

MODERN SCOTLAND.

"A Century of Scottish History, from the days before the '45 to those within Living Memory." By Sir Henry Craik. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

THE dawn of the eighteenth century found Scotland almost as remote from England in social tone and habits as she was in the old evil days before the Union of the Crowns in 1603. That momentous event, consummating the dream of the wisest statesmen in Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor times, brought to a close the tragic centuries of wasteful war between two nations of the same race and speech, occupying different parts of the same island. But in spirit both rulers and people remained as far asunder as ever, drifting still further apart in affairs of religion. Three hundred years of all but incessant war had made Scotland a byword for poverty throughout Western Europe; civil war, religious persecution and fury of faction in the seventeenth century plunged her still deeper into the abyss; nothing but legislative union with her more powerful and prosperous neighbour could save her from insolvency, yet that union was only effected in 1707, in the teeth of passionate opposition.

In "A Century of Scottish History", of which this is a second edition in a single volume, Sir Henry Craik undertakes to trace the steady development of the resources and institutions of the nation after the last Jacobite convulsion had been quelled

in 1746. He gives a spirited, but necessarily condensed, account of that rising, followed by a masterly review of the phases of society, the growth of modern opinion, and matters ecclesiastical, educational, commercial, literary and judicial during the ensuing hundred years, bringing the narrative down to the disruption of the Church in 1843. In connexion with the last-mentioned event, he records an incident of which we do not recollect to have seen mention elsewhere.

"The Marquis of Bute was the Lord High Commissioner for the year, and, in anticipation of the coming scene which was to make of this an historic occasion, the levee was unusually crowded. It was afterwards recalled as an odd and ominous incident that, while the levee proceeded, the portrait of William III. fell heavily to the floor, and caused a bystander to cry out—'There goes the Revolution Settlement!'"

Perhaps the best feature in Sir Henry Craik's volume consists in the life-like character sketches of leading men in the various departments of public life and in society. Within his range appear such diverse personalities as the chivalrous Lochiel and the combative Thomas Chalmers, ill-starred Prince Charlie and hard-headed Adam Smith. It will be noted with some surprise that no woman is represented in this gallery; indeed, except passing references to Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, women receive no mention in Sir Henry Craik's pages, and the impression is given that Scotland was peopled entirely by males.

Admirable as is most of Sir Henry's portraiture, we must demur to his description of Lord George Murray as a man of "harsh and overbearing temper". Undoubtedly the ablest actor in the tragedy of the '45, the rising could only have been carried so far towards success as it was through the exercise of considerable sternness on the part of Prince Charlie's lieutenant-general; but nothing comes out plainer in Murray's correspondence as privately printed in the "Atholl Papers" than the agony he felt in parting with a beloved young wife in obedience to a sense of constraining obligation to what he was fully convinced was a hopeless cause. Neither is it true that "Murray had for a time appeared to shake off the Jacobite principles which he had maintained in the risings of 1715 and 1719, and had sought for employment in the English army". Murray held King George's commission when he "went out" in 1719; he was condemned to death and pardoned, and never sought to re-enter the British army. His military experience was gained in the service of the King of Sardinia. In contrast to the scant justice done to Lord George Murray's memory, Sir Henry Craik takes a more favourable view of Prince Charlie's behaviour at and after Culloden than that expressed by Lord Elcho and others who were present.

In recording the beneficial reforms which were effected in the period under review, Sir Henry Craik yields to the tendency so common among historians to unmeasured condemnation of the systems to which these reforms put an end. Thus, in writing of the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions he is not content to explain that the time was ripe and society was ready for it, but he must heap obloquy upon the landed aristocracy who had exercised these jurisdictions for centuries, not blamelessly or unselfishly, but, on the whole, in the interests of law and order. Hereditary jurisdiction was an inherent part of Norman feudalism, introduced by David I., without which it is difficult to see how the discordant races which peopled Scotland in the twelfth century could ever have been welded into one nation. In the eighteenth century the abolition of these jurisdictions was due—perhaps overdue; but to pronounce them "only a monument of the overweening power and selfishness of a class" is to indulge in vindictive language which it were better to leave for use by Radical declaimers against the present House of Lords—another feudal survival. Such language ill becomes a Conservative member for a learned university.

PALESTINE AND SINAI.

"The Holy Land." By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guerin. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1910. 25s. net.

"Sinai in Spring." By M. J. Rendall. London: Dent. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

"Palestine and its Transformation." By Ellsworth Huntington. London: Constable; U.S.A.: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911. 8s. 6d. net.

M. GUERIN'S very striking water-colours and the large photographs with which they are interspersed make the first of these works a drawing-room-table book. How astonishing, for example, are both the painting of the arid wilderness of Judæa and the photographic representation of the same subject. But it may be overlooked that the letterpress is real literature and deserves a handier form. No doubt the ideal voyager to the holiest of all lands is he whose tide of feeling is too full for word-painting or use of the camera. But we of the half-beliefs and wistful sense of loss are grateful to the writer and artist who go out with no idea of patronising sacred things and bring us back what helps us to realise the Orient in its exquisite decay. There are trams and parliamentary spouters even among the fountains and perfumed gardens of Damascus, where amid languid roses and jasmine the bulbul still sings.

Mr. Hichens contrasts the rich and silken beauty of Damascus with the ascetic austerity of the surroundings of Jerusalem, where moreover he found in latter April cold and gloomy weather. No mystery of orange and indigo, of glimmering turquoise and cinnamon there. He is eloquent, however, in describing the peculiarly passionate apprehension which the spell of the Orient, as such, lays upon the heart of the traveller in Palestine. We might wish perhaps that the spell of the East were disconnected from the spelling of the transatlantic West, but in the charm of Mr. Hichens' description we forget the worshipers in woolen leggings at the Holy Sepulcher, and feel ourselves riding with him among the oleander and myrtle, the terebinth and cypress and olive and pomegranate, among the buffaloes reposing in the marshes, the fellahin at the plough, the gipsy and the Bedouin, in that land which once was trodden by the feet of the Son of God. Mr. Hichens tells us frankly when his emotions about places do not correspond with his desires. Nazareth strikes him as a smart little German-Swiss town, un-Oriental and self-conscious. In fact, it is very difficult for the dwellers in these venerated resorts to be their natural Palestinian selves, tempted as they are to greedy preying upon the tourist or pilgrim, distracted by religious proselytism and strife, and robbed of the unconscious calm and self-forgetting peace which are the true notes of the East. In another part of his journey south, gazing down near Hermon on the magnificent prospect of the Promised Land, Mr. Hichens confesses that it was rather the spirit of the god Pan, whose ancient sanctuary is close by, which moved in his breast, amid the oaks and the olives and fragrant tamarisks, and the silver waters leaping from the orange cliff, than the remembrance of Him Who, perhaps on that very spot, said "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church". But further on Jewish voices singing an antique evening hymn drive the piping of the syrinx out of his heart and songs of Zion come into it. The Sea of Galilee did not disappoint him as it has the compilers of guide-books—he found an ineffable and holy peace by its waters. We should like also to quote from the description of Jericho, with its smiling and scented fertility on the very edge of the awful desolation of the ghastly ravine and hill country beyond. Mr. Hichens was present in Jerusalem at the Holy Week solemnities, out of which he scarcely escaped with his life. Perhaps too much is said about the Turk keeping Christians from cutting one another's throats on these occasions—it has been said so often before, and after all throat-cutting rivals

round a shrine must be very much in earnest. The washing of the feet of twelve poor men Mr. Hichens seems to describe as though it were peculiarly Oriental, whereas it was done even by the kings of England down to comparatively recent times, and still partly survives in the Maundy.

A little slip should be corrected on page 222—Noah's Ark was not the "Ark of the Covenant".

The new Headmaster of Winchester's "Sinai in Spring" is an interesting record of a visit to what is perhaps the oldest monastery with a continuous history in the world—the Convent of S. Catherine. He was lucky in getting a steamer at Tor in the Red Sea, and thence struck across the peninsula on camel-back to Santa Katarina, the taller sister-mountain to Jebel Musa (Moses' Mount, 7363 feet). Mr. Rendall's description is slight but easy and convincing; without any word-painting he makes us feel the majesty and loveliness of that craggy desert where Israel wandered homeless of old seeking a better country. Did they afterwards feel the mysterious call of the wild? or is it only the sophisticated modern who longs to escape from our dead-level town life and almost equally vulgarised week-end ruralism to commune alone with primæval mother earth and her Creator, among the wild beasts and the children of the desert? Mr. Rendall describes a Biblical scene—the expression is borne out by the accompanying photograph—a meeting with "three kings", the patriarchal sheikh of the Towara tribe and his two noble-looking sons. They had travelled three days' journey over the hills from the turquoise mines, bringing a snow-white lamb as a present, to meet the small party of Franks. "How did they hear of our coming? It is one of the mysteries of the desert." Mr. Rendall's book is not archæological, but he identifies some of the sites of the Wandering, such as Elim and Rephidim. Mystic thunders are not always rolling from peak to peak of the awful Mountain of the Law: a sacred serenity often broods over this land. The convent itself and its church are imposing, but the monks are now a lurdane, illiterate remnant.

Professor Huntington's book is an important scientific work, the fruit of a two year's exploration of which the cost was defrayed by Yale University. But the religio locorum makes itself felt even in geological survey, and "Palestine and its Transformation" is not a dry book. Yet the Professor's one theme is desiccation. He considers great climatic change to be absolutely proved, as against the more usual explanation of the amazing depopulation and the conversion of splendid colonnaded cities like Palmyra into squalid villages by political and moral decadence. Palestine is being dried up, and not through mere deforestation. The rainfall, indeed, of Jerusalem is about equal to that of London, but it comes in the wrong months. Other regions which were once as the garden of the Lord are now arid wastes. The Jordan valley is "an infernal trench". Careful investigation of the Dead Sea—where the expedition made discoveries confirming the Lot narrative—yields similar conclusions. Still, Professor Huntington must not explain everything physiographically. The Hebrew race, according to him, was "from the first as clay in the hands of nature", and he accounts for the momentous differentiation of the tribe of Judah from other peoples entirely by its secluded geographical situation. No doubt environment has a potent influence on national character, but rocky summits do not necessarily generate "high religious ideals", nor could residence on a plateau have enabled Israel to "develop noble ideas of God and truth and justice, until the greatest of men came up from Galilee" and took up those ideas. "Christ's life, His preaching and His influence upon the world would never have been such as they are if the Ghor had not sheltered Judæa." But this is pure naturalism. Is Christianity really the product of an horizontal limestone formation?

A VOLUNTEER ON A BATTLEFIELD.

"Bussaco." By Lieut.-Colonel G. L. Chambers.
London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is an attempt to describe in detail the various phases of a somewhat complex fight. The author, an Indian Civilian, tells us that he has made a continuous study of battlefields both in India and in Europe, and that he has had "some sort of military training" (the words are his own) as an officer of a volunteer corps. Unfortunately, this training has not saved him from some curious omissions and mistakes which a soldier would have guarded against. For example, twice does he describe three companies of the 5th Battalion 90th Foot as belonging to Lightburne's Brigade. The 90th never had a 5th Battalion, nor were they at Bussaco. This is no mere printer's error, for the author later on says, "The three companies of the 90th do not appear to have been engaged, as they had no casualties". But the 5th Battalion 60th were engaged and had twenty-six casualties! It is a good example of the pitfalls which surround the amateur writer on British military history. In another place he calls the 60th Foot the "60th Rifles", and yet two lines below styles the 95th Rifles the 95th Foot. The former were in 1810, and for many years later, known as the 60th Royal Americans, and their own commanding officer, writing after Bussaco, thus alludes to them. Curiously enough, although thus styled they were composed almost exclusively of Germans and other foreigners, and Mr. Chambers repeats the gruesome tale how a German officer fighting in the ranks of the French under Masséna at Bussaco discovered that his own brother in the 60th had been killed in the battle.

It is interesting to find the author, in his preface, saying that Professor Oman's History of the Peninsular War is "not free from errors", and later on challenging the accuracy of many details Mr. Oman gives of the battle of Bussaco. For example, he declares that Oman has assigned the King's German Legion a position several hundred yards from that which they actually held, and adds that "it is more than doubtful whether Professor Oman gives the correct position of the Light Division".

The author is not altogether happy in the way he has treated his subject. In the 253 pages there is much repetition and a great lack of co-ordination of the events and of concision and lucidity in describing them. The numerous maps are clear enough, but show a want of technical knowledge of military requirements. Thus the general map of Portugal has neither scale of miles nor even a fraction to denote what scale it is drawn upon. Important points mentioned in the text are not shown on this map, and some which are shown in both are spelt differently, such as Karramulla in text and Caramulla on map. Four large maps illustrate Foy's and Merle's attacks. These are on an unduly large scale for the amount of detail given. The contours or "form lines" showing the features of the ground are in many places impossible, there are errors in the lettering which are most perplexing, and no scale of yards is given. It is distinctly unfortunate that Mr. Chambers did not get somebody who understood military maps to revise these for him.

There are a large number of photographs of the battlefield of varying merit. Some are good, others confused and confusing. Thus, in a large panorama of "Bussaco Ridge" it is not stated whether the ridge is in the foreground or in the distance. Here the words "as seen from the French attack" would have made all the difference. In describing such a picture it would be well to say if "the right" referred to in the text means "the right" of the picture or "the proper right" of the position held. Such minor omissions cause needless difficulties to the student. In our opinion very few photographs of positions held by troops give an adequate idea of the tactical features of the ground to those who have not actually visited the spot. On the other hand, to those who have examined a battlefield photographs often serve as useful aide-memoires

and recall tactical features of which the imagination can both fill up details and supply the distances between objects two points which even good photographs very often fail to show clearly.

NOVELS.

"Black Humphrey: a Story of the Old Cornish and Kidnapping Days." By James Cassidy. London: Walter Scott Publishing Company. 1911. 6s.

Mr. Cassidy's new story will best please those readers who can accept as real a romance of most improbable happenings, can be satisfied with a succession of "thrilling" incidents without worrying over the likelihood of their being true to life; can enjoy high falutin without wanting to laugh at it, and can believe in the passions of love and hatred of melodramatic puppets. "Black Humphrey" is indeed the good old transpontine melodrama of our fathers presented in the terms of the circulating library. Lord Ashworth—his exact rank in the peerage is not specified, but his daughter was Lady Gwendolen—had an enemy in the evil Sir William Trefern, and Sir William having the opportunity—thanks to Black Humphrey—of abducting the Lady Gwendolen, made her a prisoner in his house. The hue and cry was raised, but the lady was undiscoverable. News of her disappearance reached London and fired the chivalrous Clarence Lester with the desire to find her. He set out for the Cornish wilds and led an excited mob of country folk to storm Sir William's mansion. But not thus simply was the quest ended, though of course Clarence does win in the end—vice is vanquished and virtue triumphant in the approved fashion. Mr. Cassidy draws his villains with an unsparing hand, but somehow his murderer and smuggler, Black Humphrey, with his strong affection for his son, is more real than the stately Lord Ashworth, who, when his daughter is restored to him after her awful experiences, refuses to salute her until she assures him she is "free from disgrace".

"Love in Pernicketty Town." By S. E. Crockett. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 6s.

This deplorably tedious narrative is told by one Adrian Ross, classical master at the High School in Longtown, otherwise called "Pernicketty Town", an appalling backwater of lowland life. The standard of refinement is indicated in the first chapter, in which the narrator chases over the desks of the schoolroom the three daughters of the newly-arrived and new head master; they are youthful, but old enough to blush, and although he has never even seen them before, he very nearly kisses one of them. Social vulgarity, however, is not the only distasteful matter in this book; there is religious vulgarity as well. It is, indeed, the motive of the plot. To Pernicketty Town there comes Reston Rigg, a revivalist possessed of a hypnotic power, especially over women; and the story tells at unnecessary length the manner in which he imposed his will upon one of the three girls, how Adrian Ross tried to save her, and how ultimately she died, when Reston Rigg ran away with somebody who turned out to be his wife. We find it difficult to trace the hand of Mr. Crockett in such a welter of dulness and sordidness. We failed to discover even a gleam of pawky humour to redeem us from depression, although more than one character is obviously labelled comic, and the would-be smart remark, followed by a note of exclamation, is irritatingly frequent.

"Denis Trench." By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. London: Alston Rivers. 1911. 6s.

Mrs. Denis Trench was a drunkard, and, had she and her husband ever lived together, we should not have been without sympathy for her failing. They parted, however, on the day of their wedding, and the narrative goes on to explain how Mr. Trench "followed the gleam and worked out his own salvation".

(Continued on page 88.)

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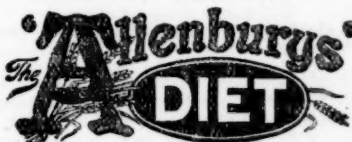
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Doubtless the process was all-absorbing for him, but after the first few chapters we find no excuse for it to provide the material of a six-shilling novel. The author writes that Trench was "a youth of lofty ideals"; the use of that first substantive is evidence against him—it suggests a wax model in the window of a cheap tailor. Elsewhere he is found talking to a young woman who is in great distress, and she asks if he wishes to leave her; he answers—"trying to speak lightly"—"What an accusatory question! I am only very sorry for you, if I may take the liberty of saying so." It is a relief to turn from this pompous person to the wicked captain who elopes with the hero's sister. Of course he takes her to an ivy-clad cottage in the country, and of course she is rescued by a worthy priest who lives next door and who is soon discovered to be her long-lost father. As a parody on the penny novelette this would be rattling good fun, but the author is always most painfully in earnest.

"Vittoria Vittoria." By W. E. Norris. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.

Very nearly the whole interest of this story lies in the skilfully maintained uncertainty as to which of three gentlemen Vittoria will marry. It is essentially a book for those whose pleasure in watching the processes that end in what they call "getting off" transcends most other joys. In order to be amused such amiable folk only want to be shown an eligible man or two in the neighbourhood of an alluring spinster who clearly does not intend to remain one. The shrewd author who caters for them will throw in a social obstacle here and there—such as the supposed bend sinister in Vittoria's escutcheon. You speculate breathlessly as to the effect of this upon the running of the several eligible gentlemen, until in time of course one of them goes to Italy and finds out from consular and ecclesiastical records—to make assurance doubly sure—that there was nothing in it. It perhaps does not matter much that from any point of view other than the matrimonial the three gentlemen are not particularly interesting. Lord Ringstead is rather a cub, Mr. Garforth, a good deal of a busybody, and the eminent sculptor Trathan, who tells the story, a person of incredible denseness. But there they are, circling round Vittoria, of full age and without impediments—other than the defects of their qualities, which are cleverly indicated.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Truth about Egypt." By J. Alexander. London: Cassell. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

The title of this book provokes criticism; but we must admit that the title is not far amiss. "British public opinion", wrote Lord Cromer in 1906, "is not always very well informed on the affairs and precise conditions of foreign countries". Egypt is perhaps the most misunderstood of all the problems which are before the Empire to-day. Lord Dufferin's proposals were a bad beginning; and his picture of Egypt, "untrammelled by external importunity though aided by sympathetic advice and assistance", was premature. The first real evidence of the greatness of the problem in Egypt was the Denishwai affair which raised an outcry among our own irreconcilables in the House of Commons, and suddenly brought to the notice of the British public that we had in Egypt difficulties as great as our difficulties in India. Lord Cromer, in his report for 1906, definitely stated that we were in the preceding spring "within measurable distance" of an outburst of fanaticism, and from 1906 the "onset" talked of in almost every report, and in connexion with every event of importance, has been very serious and real. The Nationalist movement is wholly spurious and manufactured; "it does not", said Lord Cromer at the close of his administration, "really represent the voice of the intelligent dwellers in Egypt". But it is a dangerous and difficult movement to deal with. The extravagance of the Nationalist demands may best be measured if we read the petition presented to Sir Eldon Gorst when first he landed in Egypt. Accession to one-half the demands would have meant absolute chaos in the country. The murder of Boutros Pasha, and the Young Egyptian eulogies of the

assassin of Sir Curzon Wyllie, are proof of the Nationalist temper, and the depravity of the native Press is a measure of its violence and ignorance. Sir Eldon Gorst won nothing by his tactics of conciliation: he simply lost ground. "For us Egyptians", runs an article in "El Mimbar", one of the most moderate of their papers, "every Englishman is a Cromer, and every Gorst is a Cromer. How numerous are the Cromers among the English". Unfortunately the Cromers are too few; and their difficulties are perpetually increased by men like Messrs. Keir Hardie and Wilfrid Blunt, who make themselves champions of a dishonest conspiracy against British rule. Mr. Alexander's book runs through five years of unrest, which began with the Denishwai affair and culminated in the murder of the Premier. It is an extremely fair statement of the problem, and shows a complete knowledge of the different groups and parties in Egypt which, without a common ideal or a common mind, nevertheless hang loosely together for the common purpose of baiting the foreigner.

"John Viriamu Jones and other Oxford Memories." By Edward Bagnall Poulton. London: Longmans. 1911. 8s. 6d.

John Viriamu Jones made a considerable mark as a Balliol undergraduate between 1876 and 1881, and in later life he rendered great services to the cause of Welsh education. He was one of the founders and the first Vice-Chancellor of the University of Wales and Principal of Cardiff University College. His early death was a loss to Welsh education. This volume gives us an interesting picture of his undergraduate life and some jottings (excellent in their way) of his later career. As we read we realise that he impressed Balliol and Welsh educational circles as a very superior person, though there is nothing in this volume which shows him as a man above the rank and file of Balliol scholars or University professors. Clearly, however, his friends loved him, and to them these reminiscences will be of great interest. There are in the book, too, some interesting memories of the Oxford of the later seventies, which have nothing to do with Viriamu Jones, in particular a graphic chapter on the Union in the days when Lord Milner and Lord Curzon were among its regular speakers.

"The Little Dream." By John Galsworthy. London: Duckworth. 1911. 1s. 6d. net.

This allegory of Mr. Galsworthy is the result of a clever man of ideas and words—what Mr. Bennett calls a "literary artist"—setting out to be a poet. Mr. Maurice Howlett has done something very similar in his *Trilogy of Minos*. These books are curious by-products of an age where extremely clever and vivid journalism will pass as poetry or great literature for eight days and perish on the ninth. "The Little Dream" is beautiful; but it is beauty not created, but artificial. It is literary beauty in a sense that all great poetry and prose is not. "Thou shalt lie on the hills with Science; and dance in the cities with Knowledge. Both shall possess thee. The sun and the moon on the mountains shall burn thee; the lamps of the town singe thy wings, small Moth! . . . For the life of a man is for all loves in turn. 'Tis a little raft moored, then sailing out into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then whispering on; a new-born babe, half courage and half sleep". It is difficult sometimes to tell this from the real thing. Only time can tell beyond all possible doubt, and to the satisfaction of everyone.

"Nova Scotia." By Beckles Willson. London: Constable. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Beckles Willson has recently been on a visit to Nova Scotia, familiarising himself with its agricultural, mineral and sporting resources and possibilities, and its points of historic interest, particularly Louisbourg, with its Wolfe associations. His new book is at once a protest against the manner in which the province has been neglected by the settler and an enthusiastic proclamation of its claims to immediate consideration. Contrast far off Saskatchewan with Nova Scotia—which is less than half the distance from England—the one, he says, stands almost solely for Canada in the mind of the prospective emigrant, and the other is confused with Nova Zembla. "Could you demand a more striking tribute to the powers of advertisement?" Unfortunately, the emigrant is not likely to read Mr. Beckles Willson's volume: emigrants have few half-guineas to spend on books. Otherwise we might have further evidence of the value of advertisement, for the writer's enthusiasm is contagious. There is plenty of evidence that Nova Scotia, the Cinderella of the Dominion, is beginning to assert herself, and Mr. Beckles Willson's aim seems to be to quicken the pace.

For this Week's Books see page 90.

SALES BY AUCTION.

THE HILTON-PRICE COLLECTION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will sell by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on Monday, July 17, and Four Following Days, at 1 o'clock precisely, the important and extensive COLLECTION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, the property of the late F. G. HILTON-PRICE, Esq., Director of the Society of Antiquaries, &c. (Sold by order of the Executors).
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May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will sell by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on Tuesday, July 18, and Following Day, at 1 o'clock precisely, BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS, comprising the LIBRARY of Col. MONTAGU (deceased), late of 123 Pall Mall, S.W., including important Historical, Topographical, and Scientific Works: Books on Heraldry: Heraldic Scrap Book, collected by Joseph Edmondson; a Curious and Ancient Book of Coats-of-Arms of the Time of Henry VIII.—Petrarca: Sonetti, Canzoni e Triomphi, First Edition; Scarce Collections of Trials; Extra-illustrated Works, &c.; also the LIBRARY of WILLOUGHBY BASKERVILLE MYNORS, Esq., Bosbury House, Herefordshire, including Autograph Letters of Benjamin Disraeli, Works of Disraeli, several of which are Presentation Copies; Topographical Works: Works on Art; Voyages and Travels; and Legenda Angliæ; Manuscript Lives of English Saints, written on vellum in the Fourteenth Century, in English.
May be viewed. Catalogues may be had.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE G. SETON VEITCH, Esq., OF PAISLEY.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE will sell by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on Friday, July 21, at 1 o'clock precisely, the LIBRARY of the late G. SETON VEITCH, Esq., of Paisley, including important Works relating to Scottish History, Literature and Topography; Standard Works in English Literature, Science, Travel; Publications of Learned Societies, Genealogical and Heraldic Works, &c., the majority in modern morocco or calf bindings.
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BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of a Busy Life (Eugene Oswald). Moring. 10s. 6d. net.

Chaucer (Caroline F. E. Spurgeon). Paris: Hachette. 7fr. 50c.

CLASSICS.

The Vitality of Platonism and other essays (John Adam). Cambridge: at the University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Clive Lorimer's Marriage (E. Everett Green); The Desire of Life (Matilde Serao). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.

Miss Daffodil: A Love Story (Curtis Yorke); Sport and the Woman (Campbell Rae-Brown); Also Joan (Lilian Arnold). Long. 6s. net each.

Nigel Ferrard (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds); A Sereshan (M. Hartley). Mills and Boon. 6s. net each.

Alistair: A Romance (Maria Star). Constable. 5s.

The Shadow of a Dwarf (Hope Protheroe). The Century Press. 6s.

Her Husband's Country (Sybil Spottiswoode). Heinemann. 6s.

Married when Suited (Mrs. Henry Dudeney); The City of Enticement (Dorothea Gerard); Our Guests (St. John Trevor). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.

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The Quakers in the American Colonies (Rufus M. Jones). 12s. net; A History of Eton College (Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte). 21s. net. Macmillan.

The Great Days of Northumbria (J. Travis Mills). Longmans, Green. 4s. 6d. net.

Dr. John Walker and the Sufferings of the Clergy (G. B. Tatham). Cambridge: at the University Press. 6s.

Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul (T. Rice Holmes). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 24s. net.

Medallic Illustrations of the History of Great Britain and Ireland. Plates cli.—clx., clxi.—clxx. Printed by the Order of the Trustees. British Museum. 6s. net each.

The Legacy of Past Years: A Study of Irish History (By the Earl of Dunraven). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Book of the Zoo (W. S. Berridge). Dent. 5s. net.

Alpine Plants of Europe (Harold Stuart Thompson). Routledge. 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

A Key to Life's Mystery, or Man in Two Moods (W. B. Norris). Simpkin, Marshall. 7s. 6d. net.

Kant's Critique of Aesthetic Judgment (James Creid Meredith). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

A Leap in the Dark (A. V. Dicey), 1s. net; The Tides (Sir George Howard Darwin). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.

The Fitz-Boodle Papers and other Sketches (William Makepeace Thackeray); Lovel the Widower. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net. each.

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The Book of Exodus (Rev. S. R. Driver), 3s. 6d. net; The Book of Numbers (A. H. McNeill), 2s. 6d. net; An Introduction to the Pentateuch (A. T. Chapman). 3s. 6d. net. Cambridge: at the University Press.

The Philosophical Works of Descartes (Elizabeth S. Haldane). Vol. I. Cambridge: at the University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

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